

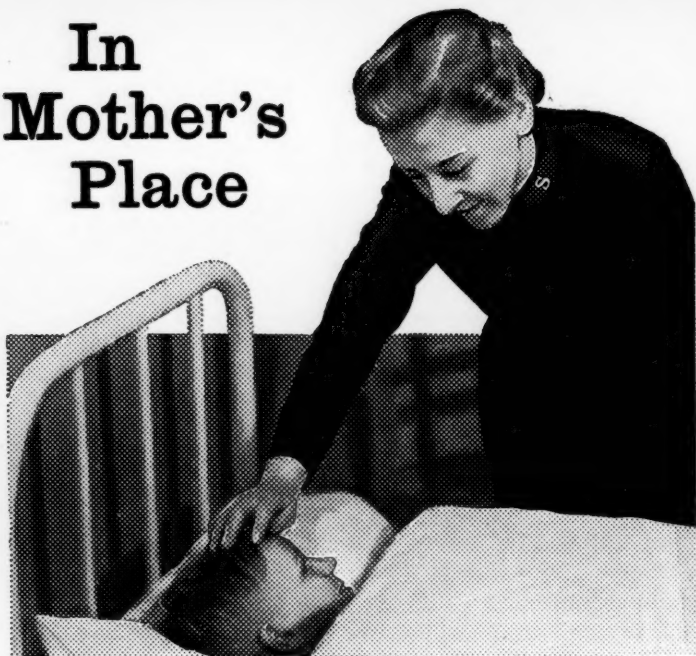
The Quarterly Review

JULY 1959

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THE FLOUNDERING FEDERATION

THE formation of the West Indian Federation, so-called, a grouping of British islands in the West Indies with a view to future Dominion status within the British Commonwealth, followed more than a decade of debate on the matter. Differences of opinion were sharp. They ranged from location of the Federation capital to customs union and free movement of populations. The larger and more prosperous islands, Trinidad and Jamaica, were full of apprehension lest the burden of aid to the poorer colonies, so far more or less borne by Britain, fall upon them.

However, a tentative agreement was reached and a five-year trial plan decided upon, the hope being that by the end of that period the Federation would be functioning successfully enough to be qualified for the aforesaid Dominion status. A Royal Commission came out and decided that Barbados, for more than three centuries a British colony, always loyal, indeed popularly known as the 'Little England of the Caribbean,' was the logical site of the capital. But, yielding to the popular concept of democracy, an election was held, and a numerical majority brought the capital site to Port of Spain, Trinidad. There a controversy, yet unsettled, at once developed over the location of the new Federation capital building. The site of the present American air-base, which was very useful during the war, was determined upon, but the Americans have not yet consented to give it up.

In the early days of 1959 the prospects of ultimate successful function of the Federation are by no means bright.

Clearly, attempts at political federation, anywhere, any time, must look for success in, above all, willingness of the individual units of that federation to yield something of their sovereignty and part of their former liberty of action in all concerns to the smooth-functioning and the collective power of the federated group.

In the last analysis everything depends upon this. It has been for centuries the stumbling-block in all federated movements of any significance. Refusal of America in this regard was the main cause of the failure of the League of Nations. To-day the U.N.O. is often weakened by such recalcitrancy by one member or another.

The chief offender in the West Indian Federation is Jamaica,

with Trinidad, the largest and most important of the ten former colonies presently composing the tentative Federation. Jamaica, as everybody knows, always has been a politically-turbulent colony, and now, in the warm debates going on over various points in the operation of the Federation, it is more so than ever. As it has from time to time been accorded a larger measure of autonomy, finally reaching the position called 'ministerial government' replacing Crown Colonial status, politics have taken on the aspect of a local campaign in some hot-tempered Irish constituency.

The rivalry here centres about the ex-Chief Minister, Sir Alexander Bustamente, Leader of the Opposition, and the incumbent head of the government, Mr Norman Manley. Both of them hoped that Jamaica would be the capital of the West Indian Federation, both aspired to the Prime Ministership thereof. Sir Alexander, always determined, never satisfied with anything less than leadership, by no means accepts the present position, either his status as ousted leader in Jamaica, or as unsuccessful aspirant for the high post of Prime Minister of the Federation. But he *is* in full accord with his cousin, Mr Manley, incumbent Chief Minister of Jamaica, that the island shall suffer neither politically nor economically from inclusion in the Federation.

Just what constitutes such suffering is, of course, a matter of warm discussion. Jamaican leaders somewhat to the 'left' even of Sir Alexander—such, for example, as Mr Wills Isaacs, Minister of Trade and Industry in the Jamaica Government—assert that Jamaica was dragged into the Federation by the British Colonial Office, which, allegedly fed-up with supporting the poorer island colonies, hit upon Federation as a means of transferring the burden of aid to the more prosperous West Indian islands.

Moreover another point of no little accord between Sir Alexander and his cousin is opposition to the present Prime Minister of the Federation, Sir Grantley Adams, former Premier of Barbados. He is alleged to be 'under the thumb' of Lord Hailes, Governor-General of the Federation.

This consists of the former Leeward and Windward Islands—Antigua, Grenada, Dominica, Montserrat, St Christopher (St Kitts), Nevis, St Lucia, St Vincent, Trinidad, and Tobago—and Barbados and Jamaica. Some of these, especially Barbados, are over-populated, with a consequent low living standard. Trinidad, with its pitch-lake

and other profitable industries and assets, is the most prosperous of all. Thus arises the awkward position that when one of the lesser islands cannot produce the revenue it requires for its existence, or is unable to meet the Federation taxes, it can make a demand upon the Federation—in effect upon the greater means of the prosperous units—for grants-in-aid. This right is not unlikely to result in a tendency to be less restrained in their expenditures than would be the case were these less prosperous islands on their own.

Thus the sacrifices the larger units may be required to make toward the successful functioning of the Federation may quite conceivably turn out to be financial above others. That is really the main point at issue. Will the benefits likely to accrue from Federation as an edifice be sufficient to offset in the case of some of the individual units the sacrifices, especially the economic sacrifices, they will be required to make if the Federation is to endure; that is, to pass from its present tentative status to a sound Dominion basis?

On the final answer to this question the West Indian Federation is likely to stand or fall. And when the bickering over that answer has reached such a point, as recently in discussions in Jamaica, as to incite officials of the Jamaica Manufacturers' Association, the dominant economic influence in that island, to refer to Sir Grantley Adams as a 'senile bigot' and 'the village idiot'; and when Mr Manley threatens to withdraw Jamaica from the Federation unless its present Constitution is radically altered so as to 'suit Jamaica's way of life,' the future prospects of the floundering Federation are by no means bright.

Sir Grantley Adams, the Federal Prime Minister, is, however, a competent and an astute political leader. There is some reason to believe that despite the vicious attacks of some of his critics he has the situation under better control than may appear. He is considered by many colonial leaders the shrewdest politician in the West Indies. But he is under bitter attack in Jamaica. The *Gleaner*, most important paper in the Caribbean, says, 'He seeks to scandalize Jamaica and to build up a gang of supporters in the smaller islands to stand behind him against Jamaica.' This tirade was mainly inspired by the intimation from Sir Grantley that the Federal Government intended to introduce retroactive tax-legislation that might hit Jamaica harder than the others.

The main objective of federation is really, after all is said and done, a raising of the standard of living throughout the units composing it. The question was asked in Parliament not long ago:

Is it possible that the President of the Board of Trade is unaware of the extraordinary poverty that exists in greater or lesser degree throughout the British Caribbean area, especially in the smaller islands, that, in both the Leeward and the Windward Islands, the annual national income is, according to a recent broadcast by the Commissioner, sixty pounds per head of population, as compared with three hundred and sixty in the United Kingdom, and that the International Labour Office has published a most alarming report on the increase of unemployment in these territories?

The establishment of a Customs Union, one of the basic problems confronting federation, would have distinct economic advantages, stimulating trade with the United States, which could then deal with one set of customs, instead of with half a dozen as at present. Each of the former colonies constituting the West Indian Federation has had, and still has inasmuch as up to February of the present year no agreement had been reached on a Customs Union, its own customs, and trade between the colonies themselves or with foreign countries is thus badly encumbered.

Another fundamental problem is that of free movement of populations. At present the old restrictive system still maintains. Under it there can be no movement of populations among the islands, even the smallest ones, before satisfying a cumbrous set of rules and restrictions. The present endeavour is to abolish all restrictions on the right of any and every West Indian to travel as he likes throughout the units composing the Federation, and to settle and seek employment wherever it seems advantageous.

But Jamaica is not enthusiastic over Customs Union. At the time of writing it is rumoured that the island government proposes to give concessions for an American oil-refinery, in direct violation of the Federal Constitution, which permits such concession from the Federal Government only. Sir Grantley Adams has already warned the Jamaican Government of Mr Norman Manley that the Federal Government is prepared to nullify any such agreements made after Federation came into being. In such event Mr Manley threatens to take Jamaica out of the Federation entirely, a move that would in all likelihood wreck it.

The question then arises: Will effective power reside in the Federation or can the various units defy it when it seems to their advantage to do so? The question is rather strikingly similar to that so frequently posed in the United States, i.e., the question of States' rights. And, even as there, if such rights are permitted to transcend the power and the authority of the central government, then obviously there is an end to federation, union, or whatever a particular grouping of units may be called.

Jamaica is the largest unit, and it has the largest number of representatives in the Federal House. If they stand together, they can make or break the Federation, unless there is opposed to them a solidarity made up of all the others. The struggle, which is apt to be a long and bitter one as seen at this writing, will probably determine the future of the Federation, or, at worst, destroy it. As one of the leading editors of the West Indies says: 'If the Federation were to be nothing more than an appendage to its various units, it would be a useless farce and an expensive incubus that the West Indies cannot afford.'

One of the hopes of Federation is to end the adverse trading-balance of the collective islands. Reasons for that adverse balance are the aforesaid varying customs schedules, the rivalry among the units, different methods of shipping and commercial arrangements generally, and divergencies in the matter of available labour. Moreover, although the balance reckoned in terms of the collective colonies is unfavourable, yet that of Trinidad is quite the contrary. This is the most prosperous of the ten units and as such always an object of envy from Jamaica. Indeed, one of the problems of Federation is that of establishing both political and social harmony between the two.

Another unfavourable economic factor which the champions of Federation hoped, and still hope, to deal with to the advantage of the whole is that of huge investments abroad of the West Indian peoples. The sum is stated to be in the neighbourhood of \$720,000,000, British West Indian currency, representing savings with various financial institutions in Britain alone. And though figures are not available, it is certain that West Indian investments in Canada and the United States are possibly equally as large.

This indicates a lack of confidence in the financial stability of the West Indies. One hope of Federation is to establish such a

confidence, even though it has never yet existed. Minister of Finance in the Federal Government, Mr Robert Bradshaw, says:

Self-respecting nations must always feel bound to utilize as high a proportion as possible of their savings for their own development. The Federal Government, then, appeals to the sense of pride and patriotism of our people to repatriate for investment within the Federation even a small part of the large sums that, as a matter of policy, have been emigrated abroad every year.

This foreign investment is, of course, one of the causes, especially in the smaller islands, of financial conditions that have repeatedly demanded grants-in-aid from Britain. Another cause is the lax, and indeed not infrequently far from above-board, manner of tax-collection. Taxes seem high, but a large part of them are never collected. Not all that are collected find their way to the objectives for which they are designed. The Federal Government proposes to overhaul all this and to direct tax-collection in all the units from the Federal capital.

One of the main sources of revenue at present throughout the islands of the Federation is, of course, tourism, three-quarters of it from America and Canada. This is most profitable in Jamaica and Barbados, where new hotels continue to be built. But the high scale of prices, rising every year among the larger hotels, is causing much dissatisfaction, nor is it the general feeling that anything like commensurate value can be, or is being, given for a rate of ten or twelve pounds a day for one person. This winter many Americans have cut short their stays in the more expensive islands, and returned home to report unfavourably upon their reception as freely spending visitors. It is a point that should be considered by the Federal Government.

Along the lines of future development, tourism included, a Federal Development Corporation is being discussed, and advice about it is coming from the International Co-operation Administration in the United States. Jamaica, Trinidad, and Barbados already have development corporations, but the smaller islands naturally cannot afford them. Dominica, Grenada, St Vincent, Antigua, and St Kitts are among these, all islands of great charm, also economic possibilities. It is hoped that the Federation will be of assistance and benefit to these islands where the general living standard is low and there is much unemployment.

There is also intended within the next two or three years the establishment of a Central Bank, and in the meantime it is hoped to secure financial aid from the United States in respect of the establishment of a Federal Development Corporation. Such aid may be forthcoming for such purpose to a Federation. It would certainly not be to individual islands and smaller colonies.

The growing seriousness of the increase in population throughout the whole Caribbean area must be among the primary concerns of the Federation; yet after a year there is no indication that anybody is giving it more than casual consideration. Success or failure may well rest upon the question of whether political disputes or self-abnegating concern with economic problems and their solution govern the functioning of the Federation. At this writing the emphasis is certainly on the former.

The aforesaid rapid, and increasingly rapid, population growth is disclosed in the figures for Trinidad: 586,000 in 1947, an estimated 800,000 to-day. In the same period Jamaica's increase has been from 1,340,000 to an estimated 1959 figure of 1,600,000. Apart from some form of birth-control, next to impossible here, the one counter to this is expanding markets abroad. Yet with the recent convertibility of sterling Britain's imports from outside the Commonwealth of the products similar to those of that Commonwealth have increased and continue to increase.

This is a serious matter for the West Indian area, especially as it relates to citrus products. Jamaican economy rests to a large extent upon these, and it was a shock to the producers there when just recently the announcement was made not only that the Cuban quota to Britain had been increased but that sterling convertibility was to mean a large advance in the importation of American citrus fruit. Moreover Jamaicans claim—and in most people's opinion rightly—that Jamaican grapefruit and oranges are superior to the Californian product. Yet the large and efficient organization of the latter and its 'high-pressure' publicity threaten to overwhelm Jamaican growers.

Other European markets for West Indian citrus are also threatened by the European Common Market. So that in the general opinion in the islands the time has come for the Home Government to implement its frequent expressions of goodwill and sympathy for these islands, a goodwill so often declared by one

member after another in Parliament. Nothing is more certain than that without some such implementation, economic conditions, and as a logical result social as well, will deteriorate here, not only threatening any ultimate success of the federative scheme but the very economic balance of the units composing it.

The maintenance of such balance, the existence of a solid and durable economic foundation, is a definite *sine qua non* for the tentative West Indian Federation. With all its potentialities for good, for the welfare of the people of the islands, for the strengthening of the Empire through the addition of another contented, smoothly functioning, economically sound Dominion, for, indeed, a contribution to the political balance of the British Commonwealth of Nations, the West Indian Federation is deserving of all the aid and encouragement that can be given it, in order that at the end of the five years of trial it may be found functioning strongly and smoothly enough to have removed all question either of its practicability or of its power to survive through all obstacles and all problems that in the future may arise.

The Federation provides the means [said Sir Grantley Adams] by which the economy of the whole region can be strengthened and the standard of living of its people, now appallingly low in some parts, be raised. But none of these objects will be achieved without the most vigorous efforts on the part of all of us.

That really puts the position in a nutshell, and there are few people in the islands, outside of Jamaica anyway, who question either the Federal Prime Minister's complete sincerity or his ability to play his rôle in the 'pulling together' process with competency and determination.

'To speak with one voice,' 'to dwell together in unity'—perhaps in that unity in which, as John Donne said, 'lies perfection'—these are among the idealistic objectives of the Federation, as annunciated when, in April 1958, the Federal Legislature was inaugurated by Princess Margaret at Port of Spain, Trinidad. In reply to which Sir Grantley used the above-quoted words, adding:

We make our start with limited constitutional powers and even more limited financial resources. We shall at every stage of the road need the help and the encouragement of the British Government, while aware that our progress, if we achieve it, will be watched with especial interest by the Dominion of Canada and by the United States.

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The implication is clear in these last words that the progress and the success of the Federation may bring material aid from both Canada and the United States; and that probably will be the case.

To sum up, as the Barbados *Advocate*, a strong champion of Federation as distinguished from the doubts and the scepticism of the other two important West Indian newspapers, the Jamaica *Gleaner* and the Trinidad *Guardian*, declares

There have been many people who believed, some indeed who still believe, that Federation would not disturb their lives, and that each Territory (unit) would be able to continue on its own way without interference or objection by the Federal Government. But it is as well for the leaders of the Units to realize that Federation is something more than a costly edifice. And unless the Federal Government exercises, and is encouraged to exercise, the powers entrusted to it by the Constitution, the Federation is nothing more than a costly waste of time. All West Indians should appreciate that it represents the culmination of great efforts through many years. During those, the years of struggle, the elected leaders in the West Indies were insistent in their demands for Federation, a fact that should effectively explode the myth that the British Colonial Office 'rammed Federation' down the reluctant throats of West Indians. The fact is, that Federation is the choice of the majority of honest leaders and intelligent residents of these islands, and so as a sound policy the British Government has considered Federation and done much to further it.

And yet unless it is possible to placate the recalcitrancy of the Jamaican leaders, Sir Alexander Bustamente, Mr Norman Manley, and others even more dissident, the whole scheme of Federation might well, weakened as it already is by bitterly acrimonious dispute and undoubted self-seeking, flounder along, as at present, until it crashes to extinction upon the shoals of selfishness and jealousy. That would be a very serious blow to these islands and a menace to their future.

MARC T. GREENE

THE BICENTENARY OF THE YOUNGER PITT

AMONG the many anniversaries which are being commemorated this year not the least notable is the bicentenary of the Younger Pitt. The passing of time has only confirmed him in his position as among Britain's greatest Prime Ministers, and one of his recent successors, Neville Chamberlain, has written that 'he has always appealed to me more than any other of our Prime Ministers,' while to the present generation, of whom a large number has witnessed two major wars, he must always be of interest as 'The Pilot that weathered the Storm' of an earlier conflict; indeed, as a war leader he can very well stand comparison with Lloyd George and Winston Churchill in our own time.

William Pitt was born at Hayes, in Kent, on May 28, 1759, the second son of that William Pitt who was soon to be Earl of Chatham, and Hester Grenville. His birth thus took place in that *annus mirabilis* which witnessed his father's greatest triumphs as a minister when Canada was won for Great Britain, and Hawke destroyed the French fleet in Quiberon Bay. From the beginning Chatham showed himself devoted to his younger boy, whom he described as 'the hope and comfort of my life,' and he spared no effort to bring up his son so that he should be able to enter upon a public career at the earliest possible moment. The mother's influence upon her son was purely domestic, but for all that William was more of a Grenville than of a Pitt. He was reserved to an extent unknown in his father, and in later life this aloofness became a definite handicap, for it cut him off from that knowledge of public opinion which a more genial man would easily have acquired by intercourse with his friends and acquaintances. In looks, too, he resembled his mother's family, not least in the nose, so dear to the caricaturists, from which he was said to suspend the House of Commons.

Delicate health prevented the boy from being sent to school, but from the beginning Chatham took the predominant part in his son's upbringing. It was a regular custom for the two to read together from the Bible or some other great classic, and there can be no doubt but that the complete mastery of the English language

which Pitt displayed from the moment he entered Parliament was due to these lessons from a parent who was himself one of the greatest orators in an age of great oratory. His education was primarily classical, and by the time he was seven he could write a very good letter, while at fifteen he was able to translate six or seven pages of Thucydides at sight without making more than one or two mistakes. On the other hand this forcing of the youthful mind was not without its drawbacks: Pitt had no boyhood worth the name, and he developed so early that he was mentally fully grown when it would have been better for him had his mind still been receptive. Given his naturally reserved nature, inherited from his Grenville ancestors, this drove Pitt in upon himself: and although in many ways the result was a source of strength, it was occasionally a cause of weakness, and it cut him off from all save a few intimate friends. That at times Pitt appeared scarcely human was in no small measure due to his upbringing. At the age of fourteen he went up to Pembroke Hall, now College, Cambridge, but his continued bad health prevented him from mixing with the other undergraduates to the extent that would have been beneficial to one of his temperament. For the rest, he rode a great deal, and fenced a little, while his application to his studies left nothing to be desired.

Shortly before his twentieth birthday Pitt participated in one of the most dramatic scenes in the history of Parliament. The War of American Independence had been going on for nearly two years, and France had recently come to the aid of the Americans. On April 7, 1778, Chatham, by now in the last stage of infirmity, appeared in the House of Lords, swathed in flannel, and leaning on the arms of his two sons. The speech that followed was, it must be admitted, largely in conflict with the views which he had expressed for years, but that the old fire still burned was proved when he exclaimed, 'Shall this great kingdom now fall prostrate before the House of Bourbon? . . . If we must fall, let us fall like men.' A second effort was too much, and Chatham collapsed in the Chamber itself. He was removed to Hayes, where he lingered for a month on the point of death. During these days he made William read to him from the *Iliad* those verses which describe the burial of Hector and the sorrow of Troy. In the early days of May he died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, when his younger son was the chief

mourner in the absence of the elder, who was a soldier, on active service. The monarch, George III, whom the dead man had served so gloriously, was unrepresented at the funeral—a warning to his son of the treatment he might expect from that same sovereign when his time came.

After his father's death Pitt practised at the Bar, but his heart was in politics rather than the law, and at the General Election of 1780, which found him on circuit at Exeter, he stood for Cambridge University, where, however, he was decisively beaten. Pitt accepted this reverse philosophically, but he had not long to wait before a seat was offered to him. Difficult as it was to defend the pocket boroughs on any logical grounds, it has to be admitted that they enabled young men to enter the House of Commons at an age which is now very rare, and the number of those returned for the first time in this way who subsequently achieved fame is remarkable. In the present instance it was Sir James Lowther, with no less than nine 'close' boroughs at his disposal, who encouraged youthful genius, and on January 23, 1781, Pitt took his seat as Member for Appleby.

The Prime Minister was Lord North, and Pitt naturally ranged himself with the section of the Opposition, now led by Lord Shelburne, which had followed his father. He made his first speech a month after he had entered the House, and he spoke in support of a motion of Burke for the better regulation of the Civil List. Upon his contemporaries it was the manner rather than the matter of his speech that made the greater impression, and few maiden efforts have been so universally applauded. 'He is not a chip of the old block,' said Burke, 'but he is the old block itself,' and it was realized that this youth of twenty-one was a power with whom the political world must henceforth reckon.

Pitt's first years in the House of Commons proved what manner of man he was. North resigned in the middle of March 1782 and after some prolonged negotiations he was succeeded by an administration formed of men who had so little in common as Rockingham, Shelburne, and Fox. A later age would have described this as a coalition government, but the word had no meaning in the eighteenth century when all administrations were in fact coalitions, when personalities mattered more than parties, and when the party system did not exist. Pitt was offered a subordinate place in this

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ministry, but he refused it. A few days before North fell, he had said in the House of Commons, 'For myself, I could not expect to form part of a new administration; but, were my doing so within my reach, I would never accept a subordinate situation.' The significance of this remark is not that Pitt made it but that his contemporaries clearly regarded it as a correct assessment of his place on the political stage. Unlike so many young men he did not make the mistake of accepting the first offer that came his way: he knew his worth, and he was content to bide his time.

That he was justified in the line he took was soon to be proved. As a private member he gave general support to the new ministry, but during its short life he devoted most of his energies to the advocacy of Parliamentary Reform, without, however, converting a majority of the House of Commons to his views. In July 1781 the weak and divided government fell, and in its successor, in which Shelburne was Prime Minister, Pitt, aged twenty-three, appeared as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Nobody appears to have thought there was anything odd about the appointment.

The new Government was weak in Parliament, and it had to undertake the thankless task of making peace after one of the most unsuccessful wars in which England had ever engaged. Shelburne himself was a man of considerable ability, but he had gained a reputation for double-dealing, by no means altogether justified, which made him generally mistrusted in political circles, while none of the other members of the Cabinet was above the ordinary level except Pitt, and he had never held office before. Moreover, it was a minority administration, for if at any time the two wings of the Opposition, namely the followers of North and the official Whigs under Fox, acted together, ministers would be outvoted.

The Cabinet's first duty was to make peace, and this was done on far more advantageous terms than could have been expected where France and Spain were concerned, though the bitter pill of independence of the United States had to be swallowed. The Opposition did not take this view, and they saw in the terms of the settlement merely an excellent stick with which to belabour ministers: indeed, when Parliament met in February 1783 it was clear that Fox and North were prepared to sink their differences and their principles for the sake of office. This they proceeded to do, and in the consequent vote of censure Pitt made one of the more

masterly speeches of his earlier years. He spoke for three hours, and was not content merely to defend the peace proposals of the ministry, but he vented his scorn upon the unnatural alliance by which the administration was threatened. 'If,' he observed, 'this ill-omened marriage is not already solemnized, I know a just and lawful impediment, and, in the name of the public safety, I here forbid the banns.' His eloquence, however, was to no purpose, and when the division was taken ministers found themselves in a minority of seventeen, but the youthful Chancellor of the Exchequer had further added to his reputation.

The coalition of Fox and North was probably the most unpopular administration in British history. No one was under any illusion but that it was got by spite out of greed, and such barefaced dishonesty was too much even for that by no means squeamish age. Nevertheless it possessed a working majority in the House of Commons, and Pitt took the view that the best policy was to give ministers enough rope with which to hang themselves. So he went to Brighton for some bathing; then visited his mother in Somerset; and stayed with his friend Henry Banks at Kingston, near Swanage; after that he and Wilberforce went to France. They visited Rheims, where they made the acquaintance of a young abbé called Talleyrand, and where Pitt complained that he could not get any wine that was fit to drink. From there they went on to Paris, where Wilberforce tells us they thought Louis XVI a 'clumsy strange figure in immense boots.' Pitt met Franklin and Lafayette, and told the latter that his principles were too democratic for him. A marriage was even discussed between the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer and the daughter of Necker, the future Madame de Staël, whose mother had once stirred the heart of Gibbon. From such diversions Pitt was recalled to London by the portents of a coming political crisis.

On November 18, 1783, Fox introduced his India Bill to take the government of India entirely out of the hands of the East India Company, which in future was to confine its activities to commerce alone. There was much to be said for such a course, and the Bill went on to provide for seven commissioners in London in whom all Indian patronage, amounting to about £300,000 a year, was to be vested, but when the names of the seven were announced it was found that they were all violent partisans of the ministry. The Bill

was said to take 'the diadem off the King's head to place it on that of Mr Fox.' Pitt fought the measure in the House of Commons, but the prospect of unlimited graft weighed more with those who heard him than did his eloquence, and the Bill passed by a considerable majority. When it reached the Lords the King authorized Earl Temple to say that those who voted for it would be considered his enemies, and fear of the royal displeasure caused its rejection by nineteen votes. On the following day the ministers were relieved of their seals, and on December 19 Pitt, not yet twenty-five, became Prime Minister. His opponents laughed at the mince-pie administration, as they termed it, and Fox said it would be out by the second week in January. It lasted seventeen years.

Disraeli once wrote to Sir William Harcourt of Pitt's career in the following terms, 'It is the first half of it which I select as his title-deed to be looked upon as a Tory minister—hostility to borough-managing, economy, French alliances, and commercial treaties, borrowed from the admirable negotiations of Utrecht.' It is difficult not to share this estimate, for the mere mention of the reforms effected or attempted by Pitt before war diverted his energies into different channels is in itself an eloquent tribute to his greatness. In addition to those shortly to be considered there were such enlightened measures as the abolition of public executions at Tyburn, the substitution of transportation of convicts to Australia for slavery in the tropics, and the admission of Roman Catholics to the Army and the Bar. It was Pitt, too, who gave a measure of autonomy to Canada, and thus proved that he had learnt the lesson of the War of American Independence. What is also noteworthy is that his policy was all of a piece, and he did not sponsor legislation in one sphere which would defeat his ends in another. In some respects he wrought even better than he knew, for he removed most of the real grievances, at any rate in England itself, before the hurricane of the French Revolution began to blow, and so reduced to a handful the number of those who really wanted to see Britain go the way of France. The plight of the former in 1783 was infinitely worse than that of her neighbour, and but for the prudent administration of Pitt it is more than likely that eight years later Great Britain would have followed the example of France. Indeed, with her Parliament the sport of factions, with her finances in chaos, and with a discontented population, there would

have been no alternative. From all this she was saved by Pitt's statesmanship.

The new Prime Minister was in a decided minority in the House of Commons, but constitutional conventions were not what they subsequently became, and provided that he did not remain in office too long without seeking a mandate from the country, public opinion was not likely to be unduly critical, more especially since he clearly enjoyed the confidence of the Throne. Of course Fox and his supporters denounced the Government in no measured terms, but they did not dare to go so far as to refuse supply, and Pitt preferred to defer a General Election until the reaction against the previous administration was at its height. In March 1784 Parliament was dissolved, and at the ensuing election no fewer than 160 of the followers of Fox and North lost their seats—Fox's martyrs, as they were henceforth called.

The first task was the restoration of the national finances, and as Pitt combined the offices of Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer the task of restoring the situation fell to his lot. There was a deficit of £6,000,000, and Consols stood at 58. His immediate remedy was to raise a loan, fund about half the floating debt, and find fresh sources of taxation such as racehorses, men's hats, ribbons, and gauzes. In the following year Pitt was able to complete the funding of the unfunded debt, but there was still a deficit, which was met by fresh taxation, this time on shops and female servants. By 1786 he had a surplus of £900,000, and he used it as the basis of the sinking fund which he now proceeded to establish. Once a quarter £250,000 was to be paid to six commissioners for the repurchase of stock, the interest on which was to be invested in the same way. The fund thus created was to accumulate at compound interest, and so eventually to extinguish the National Debt. In actual fact this scheme did reduce the National Debt by £10,000,000 by 1793, but when war came it meant that the Government, as income no longer balanced expenditure, had to borrow at a high rate of interest to pay off a debt contracted at a low one. Nevertheless, compound interest was one of the fetishes of the day, and the existence of the sinking fund created confidence in Pitt's finance by showing that the money raised by taxation was not being wasted. With the exception of the institution of the sinking fund there was nothing spectacular about all this. Pitt's great achieve-

ment was that in 1784 the country's finances were in the most perilous condition, whereas, when war broke out nine years later, they were so flourishing that they enabled the country to weather the storm.

Yet it must not be forgotten that throughout these years Pitt's position in Parliament was by no means secure, and was very far removed from that of a modern Prime Minister. The rigid party machinery of a later age did not exist, and Ministers had to rely upon cajolery rather than threats to secure their majority. The Whig oligarchy was a thing of the past, and the caucus was still in the future. Pitt met with defeat over his Irish policy and over Parliamentary Reform, and he encountered another reverse in 1785 on a measure to strengthen the defences of the chief dockyards.

How was he able to remain in office after these defeats it may well be asked? The answer lies in the difference between Parliamentary custom then and now. Those were not the days when every important vote was made one of confidence, and measures were introduced by private members which would now emanate from the Treasury Bench alone. Members of the same Cabinet often took opposite sides on issues upon which agreement would now be considered essential. Catholic Emancipation, for example, was almost to the end regarded as an 'open' question, and Canning and Eldon could be respectively Foreign Secretary and Lord Chancellor, although they voted against one another in any division on the subject. The executive was dependent upon the legislative in fact as well as in theory, and a Prime Minister had to rely more on himself, and less on his office, to control the House than has since become the case. In these circumstances Pitt's defeats were neither meant nor interpreted as efforts to overthrow him; they constituted a warning not to go too fast, and so he regarded them.

The events which took place in France in the summer of 1789 marked the turning-point of his career. The great apostle of peace, retrenchment, and reform was slowly compelled to give place to the war minister, and in this latter capacity he had to turn his back upon more than one of those ideals for which he had battled during the earlier years of his public life. Chatham's son was called upon to play his father's part in circumstances of far greater difficulty than Chatham had ever known. In the Seven Years War the father had the greatest soldier of his day, Frederick the Great, for an ally,

and a France at the nadir of her fortunes for an enemy. Forty years later the son had one of the greatest soldiers not only of his day, but of all time, for an adversary, and as allies the weak and vacillating Cabinets of Berlin, Madrid, and Vienna. In the circumstances the surprising thing is that Pitt managed to hold his own, and his foresight is attested by the fact that while Napoleon was at the height of his power, he outlined the conditions upon which peace was ultimately made nearly a decade later. There is no basis for a comparison between Chatham and Pitt save in the iron resolution of both to avoid defeat.

Continental movements are always slow in impressing their importance upon the British public, which invariably finds it difficult to think of more than one thing at a time, and Pitt remained optimistic even so late as 1792, for in introducing his Budget that year he went so far as to say, 'Unquestionably there never was a time in the history of this country, when, from the situation of Europe, we might more reasonably expect fifteen years of peace than at the present moment.' Nor did this optimism appear excessive, for the three per cent. Consols, which had been at 54 when he took office, stood at 97; it was, however, to be Pitt's last peace budget, and within twelve months Consols were a little over 70, and Great Britain was at war with France.

It is necessary to look below the surface in order to arrive at the truth regarding Pitt's position during the stormy years which lay ahead. He received little help from his colleagues in the Cabinet, and he was often compelled to interfere in what should have been purely departmental matters. In England as well as in France his motives have been questioned both by contemporaries and by posterity. He has been represented as one who was at best only a faint-hearted monarchist, because he did not see the struggle against the French Revolution in the light of a monarchical crusade; but there is no evidence that his views on the subject of monarchy had changed since he criticized Lafayette for being too much of a democrat. Nor can the estimate of Pitt as the lukewarm supporter of thrones be brought into harmony with the description of him as the paymaster of coalesced tyrants, for he was always ready to make peace on any reasonable terms. Both interpretations are equally far from the truth. He looked at the progress of events in France from the point of view of a British statesman, and to the

very last he hoped that it would not be necessary for him to interfere. To blame him for not appreciating the situation from the beginning is beside the point, for it was impossible to foresee that Louis XVI would be as weak as proved to be the case. Pitt proceeded cautiously, with his eyes firmly fixed on the interests of his own country, and those who would condemn his behaviour as lacking in inspiration would do well to ask themselves what other line he could have taken, seeing that the phenomenon he was called upon to face was absolutely new.

Furthermore, Pitt was no autocrat, and British public opinion would certainly not have supported any drastic action in the early days of the French Revolution. There were plenty of political and social grievances in Britain herself. Even moderate opinion had a healthy distrust, which the Prime Minister shared, of the motives of Austria and Prussia, and for some months it fondly hoped that France was merely curtailing the power of the Crown in the way in which England herself had done a century before. The change of feeling did not really begin to make itself felt until November 1790 when Burke published his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, and even then it is permissible to suppose that at first Burke made a greater impression outside political circles than at Westminster.

It must also be admitted that the optimism of the Prime Minister for long stood in the way of a vigorous prosecution of the war. 'It will be a short war,' he said, 'and certainly ended in one to two campaigns.' He regarded it as an unfortunate interruption of his peace-time policy, and it was not due only to the difference in temperament that he made war in a fashion so dissimilar to that of his father. Towards the end of his life Pitt's attitude changed, and there was much about him that recalled Chatham, but this was not so in the earlier stages of the conflict. He was obsessed with the parlous state of the French finances, and he could not believe that a nation financially so unsound could survive a long war. There are many notes in the Pitt papers which show that he deemed a complete breakdown to be imminent. For long, too, he held the view that the French social structure was on the verge of collapse, and that the Jacobins were at least as incompetent as they were objectionable. A Government of which the head entertains such opinions concerning the country with which it is at war is unlikely to display great vigour in the prosecution of that war, and this was

the case at the beginning of the struggle with revolutionary France. When, however, it became clear that the Revolution was developing into a military dictatorship with the aggrandizement of France as its goal, and the mood of Britain changed in consequence, there began a national revival of which Pitt was the idol.

Pitt believed neither in the stability nor in the sincerity of Napoleon: he proved to be as wrong on the first point as he was right on the second. He referred to the First Consul as 'this last adventurer in the lottery of revolutions,' but when he felt that the time had come to make one more effort to secure peace with France he stepped down in favour of Addington, for he felt that he was himself too much disliked by Napoleon to initiate negotiations with any hope of success. When the short-lived Peace of Amiens came to an end he again took up the burden of the Premiership, and it was his misfortune not his fault that his last days were overshadowed by his opponent's great victory at Austerlitz. Yet before he died he had envisaged a settlement when there was to be a conference to define more clearly the law of nations, and to establish a European federation, where the states were to be independent, enjoying constitutions 'founded on the sacred rights of humanity.' He never lost sight of the future in the exigencies of the present.

Pitt may surely claim to have been one of the greatest of British Prime Ministers, if on no other ground than that he enabled the country to pass from the old order to the new without any violent upheaval. He was not a reformer as Gladstone was a reformer, but he did not live in an age that would tolerate any sweeping reforms, as he learnt to his cost. One can hardly overstress the point that unless a genius had been in office from 1784 to 1792 Great Britain must have gone the way of France. Bankruptcy is a very common cause of revolution, and had Pitt merely averted that his claim to statesmanship of the highest order would have to be conceded. He did more. He showed how change might be effected within the framework of the Constitution, and the ablest of his successors were not slow to assimilate the lesson. He understood the new Britain, to which the Revolution families and Brooks's meant nothing, that was coming into existence, and he took care that to achieve its end there should be no need for the periodic upheavals which convulsed so many countries on the mainland of Europe.

As a wartime Prime Minister he has been grossly underrated, and Francisco Miranda, the Latin American revolutionary, assuredly no mean judge, credited Pitt personally with such successes as England gained during his tenure of office. It has been said that the overseas expeditions for which he was responsible failed of their object; maybe, but so did those sent out by more recent Prime Ministers, and with considerably less excuse. Against this it should be remembered that it was he who first recognized the genius of Arthur Wellesley, and throughout the war he never lost sight of the peace which was to bring it to an end. Finally, it was his example that nerved his successors to continue the struggle until Napoleon was an exile, and France was back within her old frontiers. Perhaps the most fitting epitaph for the Younger Pitt is contained in the words of Lord Wellesley at his funeral, 'What grave contains such a father and such a son?'

CHARLES PETRIE

IRISH FAMILIES

1. *Irish Families, their Names, Arms and Origins.* By Edward MacLysaght, M.R.I.A., formerly Chief Herald of Ireland. (Hodges Figgis, Dublin: three guineas.)
2. *Burke's Landed Gentry of Ireland.* Edited by L. G. Pine. (Burke's Peerage Ltd.: seven guineas.)

THESE two ponderous but valuable volumes appear like tombstones over the remains of the Irish social civilizations which they minutely record in their past and give some encouragement for their survival, if only by fragment and section in the greater abyss of the future.

They could not differ more considerably than they do from Burke's *Vicissitudes of Families*, whose pages, resembling the notes of an Irish Walter Scott, recorded royal O'Neill, the Macarthies, McLoughlins, and Maguires.

Each volume is introduced by articles written by specialists. Mr MacLysaght is his own specialist. Burke and Pine have called in Professor David Green on 'the Irish Genealogies,' Mark Bruce-Jones on 'the Changing Picture of the Irish Landed Gentry,' Mr Garland on 'Irishmen and the British Military Service,' and Mr Delany on 'the Bench and Bar in Ireland.'

We must realize at the outset that Irish Pedigrees and Armorial have always offered a Serbonian bog to the precise genealogist and herald. Mr MacLysaght is a skilful bog-trotter in that sense and traces his tracks between Old Irish and Anglo-Norman, to say nothing of Huguenot, Cromwellian, and Ulster-Scottish byways. He clears the distinction between a Scottish Clan and an Irish Sept. He settles the all-pervading enclitics Mac and O, like Browning's grammarian who 'settled *Hoti*', before plunging into the distortions of Irish surnames as well as the bewildering changes from English into Gaelic or vice versa.

Laden with this erudition, the reader plunges into the *Names and Origins of Irish Families*, which is a remarkable achievement in condensation. There is hardly a page which could not be swollen into a book, while every family cited, with its brief list of the

heroic, the literary, the famous, or the infamous, will be shouting additions and amendments from every corner of a globe settled by the sea-divided Gael.

Mr MacLysaght is Brehon, Historian, and Herald in one. To afford his breathless readers refreshment he suddenly interposes twenty-seven pages of armorial plates splendidly illumined in the tinctures of Heraldry. There again he will meet wild criticism and clamour from many who claim Irish arms or one of the five hundred descents from Irish Kings.

He has faced the ocean of unreliable and inaccurate claims from America. To him it may be startling to find 'the Saxon Huggins being equated with O'Higgins,' but heraldically-minded American-Irish often use English arms from a spurious source. *Irish Pedigrees* by John O'Hart may be unreliable and, worse, they can be reinforced by a ludicrous heraldry for which O'Hart was not responsible. O'Hart was the celebrated genealogist whose researches gave Queen Victoria a descent from Irish Royal stock. This qualified her for Coronation on the Stone of Destiny, so that its famous prophecy could be adduced in her favour. This produced Father John Ryan's famous letter regretting 'the poor woman is so surrounded by the putrid atmosphere of anti-Irish prejudice—otherwise she would prize the halo of genuine respectability which her Irish blood flings around her!'

It must be realized that there have been invasions, supplantings, settlers, and intermarriages since the beginning of Irish historic time, with the result that names and races have been inextricably mingled. Patrick Woulfe's book on *Irish Names and Surnames* is valuable in spite of a 'tendency to turn the blind eye to the extent of English immigration.' Woulfe is inconsistent when he says that Ford, Hearn, Matthews, and Moore can be English or Gaelic but that Boyle, Collins, Ellison, and Freeman are exclusively Gaelic. This only shows that descent by blood is impossible to verify by arms or names. The Irish nomenclature, as here given, like the English Peerage, fails as a scientific studbook. This is the fate of all genealogy supplied by the families themselves. They are full of false entries.

Historians, Heralds, and Genealogists must make what they can of these massive volumes. They can deduce all that can be gathered about family names and descents, their disasters and religious

beliefs. But the truth of Irish Bloods, interbreeding, and inter-marriages is the important and underlying fact of Irish History. The results call for the scientist and discernor of genetics.

Intermarriage has often made English descent appear thoroughly Irish, we are told, but does this convey political, religious, patriotic conversions? The *genes* of the past and future cannot be forgotten in a *genealogical* table.

In England, America, or the Colonies the exiles are often liable to develop strains more English than the English, more American than the American—anything but Irish in loyalties or character and even querying the amount of Irish blood behind an Irish name. What does Mr MacLysaght mean by 'hundred per cent. Irish'? Defoe asked what was a true-born Englishman, but got no answer. In America recently we came across an O'Neill who insisted he was a hundred per cent. Norwegian, so little can a name testify. Even the highly interbred produce hybrids. There are no such things as 'thorough-breds.'

There are gulfs set between historical Nationality and political Nationalism which are as difficult to tread as alternate tight-ropes.

Burke's Landed Gentry of Ireland was compiled originally by Sir Bernard Burke, though edited by L. G. Pine, and boasts authorship by an Ulster King of Arms. This may be the appropriate Herald, for the Landed Gentry seem largely reduced to that Province. The volume recalls Lady Butler's picture of the Roll Call after battle. The roll of the Irish Landed Gentry has not been called since the edition of 1912. Two World Wars, to say nothing of a Civil War, have taken toll. Families of the Anglo-Irish stock including many of the older Gael, who had clung to their land, have been decimated, scattered, burnt out. Gallant six hundred they may have amounted to, but here is all that is left of them set forth, with excellent research under the headings of Lineage and Armorial, at least wherever the families were willing to pay for a woodcut. It is regrettable that a number did not trouble to respond to the Editor. It was possible they feared they were guaranteeing subscription! Such a volume, to become complete, should be edited from Ireland and by personal progress through the country instead of by correspondence from London.

However, we must be very grateful for what we have received. It is as astonishing a gift as a tribal list of the Mohicans or the

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announcement of a surviving colony of Great Auks in perfect condition.

Genealogy was of enormous importance under the Gaelic feudalism. Rulers were chosen as well as bred to the surname in every state, and a *tanist* ('expected one') was picked out as a good successor in advance. Would *tanist* not translate the Arabic title of Mahdi? Irish pedigrees have caused considerable mockery in the past when traced to such mythological patriarchs as Noah, whose drunkenness could be accounted one of the earliest events in Celtic History. David Greene in his article summarizes the present more critical view, though Eugene O'Curry, the greatest genealogist of the past century, championed the tradition of Noah. Fifty years later Eoin Macneill abandoned the supposition that the Ark had been a prophet's prophylactic of Irish weather, but he continued to trace the great kingly families of Ireland to the era of Our Lord, though later he shifted his ground. To-day Professor O'Brien takes the one-hundred-and-nine generations attributed between Murtach MacLochlainn and Adam and remarks: 'The first twenty-two or twenty-three names in this pedigree are historical but the rest is pure fiction.' Even so, there are few European traditions comparable to the Irish. So let the genealogists cast Noah overboard as freely as the Biblical critics have submerged Jonah.

Then comes the interpretation of Irish surnames and the confusions which were caused before a name like *Mac Diarmada* (the son of Dermot) was distinguished by modern scholars from *Macdiarmada* (MacDermot). A chief like O'Neill was known by his bare surname. The Irish usage ignored the use of the definite article, though it makes for sense in English to be able to pick out 'the O'Neill' amongst thousands using the family surname.

The last great genealogist Mac Fir Bhisigh writing in 1650 omitted the Norse and Saxon from 'the genealogy of every immigration that took possession of Ireland.' It is noticeable that 'immigration' stood as synonym for conquest, as O'Huiginn, the blind Bard, informed the MacWilliam Burke: 'neither the sons of Mil (the Gael) nor any who have conquered her have any claim to the land of Ireland save that of taking her by force.'

The official Gaelic genealogies were Milesian and omitted Fitzgeralds or Burkes, which 'often embarrassed the poets who wished to sell their wares to Irish-speaking Norman magnates.' Professor

Green sums up the value of records which need an understanding of the aims and mentality of the compilers.

Once the Norse invader 'Olafson' had slipped into Irish and English as Mac Amhlaoibh and Macauliffe, there is no entry into Irish lands or juggling with Irish names that conquest did not permit.

Hence the mass of Landed Gentry names which are easier recognized as Irish by glowing geographical appendage like—Barcroft of the Glen, Wynter Bee of Cloncoskraine, Blood of Ballykilty, Moony of the Doon, Henn of Paradise. These are names that warm the heart and melodize the voice.

Mr MacLysaght follows in the Burke volume and indeed appears to be one of the links between the two volumes and over the divisions of Ireland. He throws tenuous threads across the border-gap, gladly recognizing that 'class antagonism is unknown in rural Ireland to-day.' On a great many of the old estates, now bought out, cordial relations remain between the old gentry and their previous tenants. For such crumbs we may be grateful, but the fact remains that tenants and gentry are both steadily leaving the land for which they clashed in the Land War. A difference is that in the old days 'American Wakes' or farewells filled the railway platforms with keening and tears, whereas to-day none seem happier than the emigrating young, whether in search of husbands, wages, or nationality in any country but their own.

What is an Irish surname? Granted it is Gaelic, the trouble re-arises which the invading Anglo-Normans solved by deAnglicizing themselves. The chaos and cacophony can now become considerable, especially with the efforts to make Gaelic into English. As an example, '*MacGiolla Brighde*' (son of a servant of Brigid) has become Mucklebreed or O'Greachain, Grimes or Grehan. The reverse process was practised by the last Lord Ashbourne, who took his 'Gibson' surname to be convertible to *Mac-gi(lla)-b(righde)*, which is inscribed on the Celtic Cross over his grave at Compiègne in France. Both volumes allude to Brigadier O'Gowan (Field-Marshal Auchinleck's Chief of Staff), who 'has recently adopted the Irish variation of his name' (Dorman-Smith).

Mark Bruce-Jones pictures the present plight of the gentry who, 'abandoned by England, had either to make peace with Sinn Féin or leave the country.' For many sensible views they were suffered

to stay. The way had been ably prepared by George Wyndham, though he cannot be described as 'a Landlord though an English one.' This descendant of the patriot Lord Edward Fitzgerald was not more than a tenant on the Grosvenor Estate in Cheshire. His Land Act of 1903 partly revised the confiscations of the past by making all tenants landowners and sifting or shifting the owners very much to their financial and domestic comfort. The *Bonus* was the biggest bone ever thrown by a despairing British Government to keep the disputants busy.

The troubles after the First World War led to the burning of the gentry's houses. Bruce-Jones mentions a few out of the long list. Though many were rebuilt with compensation money, the real loss lay in pictures, books, and unrequested papers. Using a Yeatsy phrase he refers to 'dreamlike houses soaked in shadowy light.' Realism would require the fuller list of those which found themselves soaked in petrol.

This volume is a record of those who stayed, finding that 'a proud Anglo-Irish name, untitled, meant little across the channel.' The gaieties of the old Ascendancy, whether at the Dublin court, garrison balls, and garden parties such as Elizabeth Bowen, under quotation, describes at Michelstown Castle in 1914, have not been replaced. The dwindling but uncommercialized sports of the gentry survive, but Feis or Dail have not given them their place in popular amusements or local politics. Very few have adorned Senate or Dail except Keane, Swetman, or Bryan Cooper, the Squire of Markee Castle.

Settlers in Ireland in old days were known to become 'more Irish than the Irish.' To-day we are told 'the Landed Gentry become more English when in Ireland, more Irish in England.' This is very explicable but it is curious that the Old Ascendancy 'stands politely and patriotically to attention when Ireland's National Anthem is played (*The Soldier's Song*) whereas Irish cinema audiences usually make a rush for the doors.' It is forgotten how towards the close of the First World War the Irish Regiments sang *The Soldier's Song* on nights before going into battle.

Bruce-Jones finds little County Society left. 'Kerry, Clare, or Leitrim are pretty empty whereas Waterford is still stocked with Beresfords, Villiers-Stuarts, Smyths, Maxwells, Congreves, Carews, De la Poers just as in 1914.' But take County Monaghan, which is

only credited with three of the old gentry: where are such surviving stems as Leslie of Ballybay, Shirley of Lough Fea, Lucas-Scudamore of Castle Shane (the first V.C.), Anketell of Anketell Grove, Pentland Mahaffy of Newbliss?

No County in Ireland claims a nobler County History than Monaghan, for the great Herald (novelized by Disraeli as Mr Ardenne, 'who knew everybody's pedigree') Evelyn Philip Shirley condescended to write that rare, beautifully printed and illustrated collector's piece, combining the archæological and the Celtic (with the help of John Donovan) and the full blazonry of local peer or squireen. It is an irony that Shirley's own descent has not reached this volume. But what is to be said of an *Irish Gentry* which omits O'Connell of Derrynane?

Stranger to say, though Casement of Ballinatemple is recorded to the extent of four Rogers, the only Roger for whom the world's eye will search is absent! Surely such a startling disappearance argues more of Maskelyne and Cook than of straightforward genealogy.

Shirley laid down certain rules in his *libro d'oro* of England which few Heralds have dared to imitate since. His objection to illegitimacy led to serious trouble when a number of Dukes found themselves omitted. It was said to have roused more dignified indignation and feudal fury than any book published of that kind.

On this occasion when we miss a name in Burke and Pine we search MacLysaght and vice versa. Both authors have performed Herculean labours amongst the baffling mass of names and family histories which have bisected the country. It will be another generation before either book can be superseded but both need additions.

It is impossible not to compare the Irish and the English publishing production. The Irish volume is superbly printed on the finest paper, the arms are blazoned in colour by an expert brush (Miss Myra Maguire). The binding and weight make it a proper addition to any library of an Irish gentleman which has not been burnt or sold. The English compilation is different. Although it costs twice as much, the print is small, the paper light, the armorials insufficient. But the introductions are lively and give some idea of the present situation. At the same time, amazement and congratulations are due to the fact that it has even been produced at all

—like a hearty corpse standing up in its collapsing coffin. It is true that the corpse has a foot in other countries to judge by the names of many seats. The heraldry of the old Irish families gives the appearance of being derived from English sources combined with the inventiveness of Irish Brehons. Into the dreadful chaos of Irish Armoury (chiefly due to American pretences) MacLysaght has put official discrimination. All the blazons displayed are archival and may therefore be considered 'authentic and accurate.' It would be interesting to know more of their original sources and the family folklore. Why are the O'Sullivans crested by a Cock Robin? Whence the Red Hand of O'Neill and the Green Oak of O'Connor? Burke tells in a note that the O'Kelly crest, an *Enright*, is a fabulous beast which issued from the sea to protect the body of O'Kelly from the Danes after the battle of Clontarf. MacLysaght blazons the *Enright* proceeding from a ducal crown but without legend. Possibly it was an Irish wolf-dog such as guarded his master's dead body during months after the Battle of Aughrim. The O'Hennesseys (of Cognac fame) have recently adopted some such animal bringing their cordials to those in need. We are grateful for one such story and regret that more families did not open their legendary cupboards.

It is noticeable how few Mottoes are recorded by the Irish Herald. To count them, they amount to thirty-eight in Latin, four in French or English, and only twenty-two in Gaelic, most of which are recognizable war-cries tailed by *a bu* (to Victory) generally translated into modern political parlance as *Up!* Even so, where is the Cromaboo of the Fitzgeralds?

The Red Saltire of the Fitzgeralds was sometimes supposed to have been lent by the Premier Dukedom of Ireland to make the Union Jack. It must have been the Cross of St Patrick as flown on Irish ships even during the Commonwealth. MacLysaght's excellent map of Gaelic and Norman names in different colours is marked by the heraldic arms of Ireland—the Golden Harp on a background of St Patrick's Blue. One of the coats explained historically is the green branch (*craobh*) carried by the Creaghs since a battle with Norsemen, in fact the first 'wearing of the Green.'

Few in the present Armoury evoke history save the Cups of the Butlers or the MacGillicuddies, who are crested with their own 'Reeks proper.' Was Sarsfield's Fleur de Lys derived from the French Kings employing the Irish Brigade?

'Where is Bohun? Where is Plantagenet?' runs like a perennial sigh through the vicissitudes of English families. There are many Irish names of which one would enjoy to know more, but it is something to know there are still titular Knights of Kerry and of Glyn. Where is the White Knight (Fitzgibbon), and where is the more modern MacSwiney of Mashonaglas? It is a pity that Chiefs of the Surname could not be collected into the Dublin Senate especially as their bloods, religions, and loyalties are well mixed and would approximate to one of those few all-Irish unisons, which, though they could not make an Irish Republic or a self-governing branch of the British Commonwealth into a political unity, at least would float a gathering of the Chiefs such as Moore might vision in his 'phantom Innisfail.'

The mixture is fantastic—for instance take Barrett: the droll Jacky Barrett of Trinity and Lever's novels comes next to a Fenian hung for blowing up Clerkenwell prison. The 'father of the American navy' was a Barry. The Anglo-Norman Boyles contribute fourteen of their number to the D.N.B., including 'the father of Chemistry.' Irish Field-M Marshals have tried every country—Brady and de Lacy in Austria, O'Brien and Macmahon in France. Where religion did not interpose her ban, intermarriage and even the surreptitious interbreeding between Gael and Gall, English and Irish made for united types of people. The Brownes became an Irish family in the West by coupling with O'Flaherties and O'Malleys, Elizabethan Brownes bred with 'influential Gaelic families in Kerry' to produce Earls of Kenmare. In the eighteenth century an Atkins married a sister of the O'Sullivan amongst the Gentry.

It is almost 'impossible to say whether an Irish Clarke is an O'Clery in disguise or the descendant of an English settler.' Mediæval pedigrees, which the old Irish purposely kept with the genetic accuracy of a racehorse's forerunners, tell a tale, but from which stock descended the two sisters Julie and Desirée Cleary, 'Queens of Spain and Sweden under Napoleon'?

The Daltons are represented chiefly and briefly by a living Cardinal, and by the desperate outlaw rounded up in California in 1892 corresponding to the Kelly Gang in Australia. The heroic criminal type as originally bred in Ireland was known as the rapparees or original 'Tories,' represented here by Count O'Hanlon.

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The last of these patriotic desperados was Michael Dwyer, who defied the English Government for five years but, we learn, ended as a policeman in Australia.

Most unexpectedly amongst a certain bevy of actresses comes the name of Dan Leno, whose real name was the Irish George Galvin. Dan Leno was a real personage, but to introduce the 'Finnegan of *Finnegan's Wake*' or the comic 'Mrs Mulligan of the Coombe' is out of place. The confusion of Irish surnames leaves the researcher bewildered. MacGillycuddy, for instance, was originally Archdekin, a Norman family who became MacOda then Cuddy.

Ecclesiastical confusions are equally remarkable—the same family or Sept often adorning both Protestant and Catholic religions. A certain Miler McGrath 'rose to be Protestant Archbishop of Cashel though still holding the Catholic See of Down and was twice married'! These occupations busied him till his hundredth year. Tradition adds that his second wife, being a Catholic, arranged for him to cheat the devil at the end. Thirty years after his death a Franciscan of the same name died a martyr. Bishops lived longer in the seventeenth century. James Lynch, Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, died at one-hundred-and-four in 1713, while John Leslie, Protestant Bishop of Clogher, died in his hundredth year in 1671.

One means of intermixing what are roughly called Irish and English in politics was due to the Penal Laws. It was too easy for a proud name to save lands by taking the English side and often receiving a Peerage in the way that the Sligo O'Haras became Lords Tyrawley and an O'Healy Earl of Donoughmore. Inter-marriage of race quickly followed, once repudiation of the Catholic Font opened the road to the Royal Fount of Honour.

We must despair of securing any rules or registration of Irish names in spite of the gargantuan Rolls which Mr MacLysaght and Mr Pine have unveiled. For centuries the different invaders, settlers, and aboriginal stock have changed, counter-changed, and counterfeited their own names. For instance, the MacHales were a Gaelic sept, but their name was adopted by a Welsh family. Arthur Griffith, the first President of Dail Eireann, was of Welsh origin, but Griffins may be Irish or Welsh. The O'Houneens are 'a genuine Calclassian family,' but they can be metamorphosed *green* owing to the Gaelic word for that colour.

Kavanagh is one of the few ancient surnames not needing an O or Mac. Attached to Macmurrough, it bred the line of Leinster Kings, who brought Henry II into Ireland, however much they later resisted Richard II. In modern times they produced the hero of a famous novel by Lucas Malet, Sir Richard Calmady, who was a real person, and 'although he had only stumps of arms and legs, became an expert horseman and a member of Parliament.'

MacKeon may be Owens or Hone. The artists, well known as Hone in Irish painting, as well as Evie Hone, whose stained-glass design has touched heights, turn out at the last moment to have come from Holland.

A great number of Irish names figure in French history from Lally Tolendal (who was a Mullally) to President Marshal Macmahon. At the French Revolution many Irish exiles were torn between loyalty to their French King and a movement which offered hope for an Irish rising. The *Abbé* Moses Kearns had the honour to suffer for both. Hanged on a Paris lamp-post, he was saved by an Irish doctor, but ten years later the English executed him in Wexford.

To add to the confusions, members of the same families constantly took different sides in politics, religion, and warfare. The Plunketts divided Archbishoprics and Peerages, Catholic and Protestant. Loyalty to the Crown might or might not depend on religion. There could be a 'Queen's O'Reilly,' head of his Sept, at war with a patriot claiming the chieftaincy. We read of the chief Molloy 'appointed hereditary bearer of the English Standard in Ireland.' But there is no mention of the O'Hanlon of Orior who bore this standard at the crowning of George IV.

The arena of Mars brings most family histories into action. Rarely, compared to other countries, does Romance break into Irish history. Only two celebrated courtesans find notice: William IV's Mrs Jordan, who was a Miss Bland from Kerry, and 'La Morphi,' who fascinated Louis XV as well as the palette of Boucher.

Only seven of the old Gaelic families hold a Peerage to-day such as O'Quin, O'Brien, O'Callaghan, O'Daly, O'Grady, O'Neill. These Peers were all Protestant. The Catholic Peerages, Gormanstown, Louth, Fingall, Kenmare, were all of the invading bloods. A Catholic Lord Taaffe returned from Austria recently to find that the War

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had wiped him from the roll of Viscounts. His grandfather, the eleventh, must have been the only Irishman to have been a Knight of the Golden Fleece.

There are striking differences between the volumes we are reviewing. Burke's *Landed Gentry* is a close-packed mass of pedigrees—with little of the stirring accompaniments in *Irish Families*, for each of which only a few glittering stars are marked. The *Landed Gentry* reads like one unceasing casualty list in the service of England.

All the Irish Field-M Marshals carried their baton for Continental Powers: while the Ulster Field-M Marshals carry the British insignia.

The Irish Brigade channelled the whole military essence of the country into France. Over 200,000 are reckoned to have perished since Patrick Sarsfield carried arms and army out of Limerick. It is interesting to learn that Patrick never became the national name until Sarsfield's time and in his honour rather than the Saint's.

It was the French Revolution which diverted the Irish Brigade and induced many to return home and others to adopt British regiments. The turn appeared in the Peninsular War when the Irish added '*Faugh a Ballagh*' (get out of the way!) to British war cries.

The O'Donoven, exiled since Aughrim, returned in time for the Crimea. The title as well as the O'Donovan is recognized in Burke, who mentions the O'Connor Don, the O'Donoghue of the Glens, the O'Grady, the O'Mahony of Kerry, the O'Morchoe, and the O'Brenan of Eden Hall as Chiefs of the name.

The origin of the titles O'Connor Don (brown) and O'Connor Roe (red) is as simple as the recent distinction made at Jesus College, Cambridge, between tutors once known as Black or Red Morgan.

The recent Partition, which cleaves two ancient Dioceses to say nothing of dividing Ulster as well as Ireland, adds to Irish dualism. There is now an Irish Revolution as well as a French Revolution to set an edge to the inherited divisions. Possibly the final Irish rising of forty years back will fossilize into a legend that both sides can respect historically.

Protestants to-day are proud of rebel martyrs like Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Emmet, and the Sheares brothers who, according to Burke, intermarried with the Nevills of Borrismore.

Catholics can laugh at memories of the Orange leader Dr O'Kane, who reiterated his pride in the great Gaelic clan to which he

belonged: and even more so at the Anglican Canon Flanagan who threatened that if the Church of Ireland were disestablished, he would: 'kick the Queen's Crown into the Boyne,' a phrase which went round the world and lasted longer in history than the magnificent speech which a Fermanagh Magee delivered as a Bishop in the House of Lords in the defence of the Established Church, and for which he was made Primate of York.

All Irishmen can be proud of each other's histories and pedigrees amongst the old or the less old families. Protestants can salute those who were martyred for the Catholic faith in the spirit of that Drogheda Jury, Protestants to a man, who refused at any cost to tarnish their hands with the blood of Archbishop Oliver Plunket. Catholics can appreciate the thousands of their fellow countrymen who were attainted under James II and underwent the siege of Londonderry as courageously as they themselves defended Limerick.

What historical moral can be drawn from these volumes? Very little in the case of Ireland. Genealogy can be compared to geology. The old families lie in strata and their study recalls the volcanic social action of other days. They might even be compared to immense cliffs which are slowly slipping seaward. Only here and there traces break out of the fires which once created them—the invasions, the plantations, the confiscations, the attainders, the Civil Wars, the Land War, the Tithe War—until the social structure of a sinking country appears to be slowly hardening into the blessed oblivions of a past which, after all, is irredeemable and as incapable of transmutation as the fossilage in the rocks except as far as modern Culture and Christian Charity can cause them to soften or disappear.

SHANE LESLIE

THE FUTURE OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES

As with many of our established institutions, the existence and usefulness of public libraries is taken very much for granted. Being over 100 years old, they have acquired respectability, and inspire a certain affection. Some people still associate them with the air of seediness of Victorian public houses, public baths, and the grittier and more symmetrical public parks. This association dates from the days before 1919, when expenditure on public libraries was limited to a rate of 1*d.* in the pound, a sum which even 50 years ago was totally inadequate.

Actually, the story of the public libraries of Great Britain and their development up to the present day is an interesting one. They can be held up as an example of social legislation, or an example of haphazard growth; as an example of municipal enterprise, or of municipal apathy. They have been copied and surpassed by some countries, and ignored by others. Their development was greatly helped by charity, and also harmed by it. All these points of view are true to a greater or less extent.

The first Public Libraries Act was passed in 1850, well in advance of the social pattern of the time. It was an adoptive Act, permitting boroughs to establish public libraries, but forbidding them to spend more than a $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* rate, none of which was to go on books. Five years later the rate limitation was raised to 1*d.*, and it was also recognized that generous benefactors could not be relied on for the libraries' contents. The Act also gave powers to all the then units of local government.

It took 64 years for any further real advance to be made. In 1919 the 1*d.* rate was still imposed, and since county councils had no powers, and only 20 out of 13,000 parishes had adopted the Acts, most of the rural population was without library services.

A great many towns would also have been without libraries but for the generosity and good sense of Andrew Carnegie, who gave in 16 years over £2,000,000 for the building of libraries, stipulating in every case that the local authority should accept from thereon entire responsibility for the maintenance of the library service. Some

of his gifts were over-generous; they saddled small towns with fine buildings which were costly to maintain and too large for the service that could be provided from them. Andrew Carnegie's will founded the Carnegie Trust, to carry on his work, and most of the imaginative developments in librarianship in this country—library co-operation, training of librarians, marshalling of bibliographical resources—stem from a timely gift from the Carnegie Trustees.

A new Act of 1919 gave a long-overdue stimulus to further progress. Library powers were given to county councils, and the rate limitation was removed. Gradually the counties introduced public library services, until it can be said to-day that no person in this country is without reasonable access to a public library service, and through it to the complete book resources of the public libraries of the whole country.

For, along with the general development of public libraries, a system of co-operation has grown up between libraries, which is an almost unique example of voluntary working together for the public good.

The National Central Library, the principal co-ordinating agent for loans of books between libraries, has developed from Albert Mansbridge's Central Library for Students. Around it has grown a network of eleven regional systems: eight in England, two in Wales, and one in Scotland. These regional bureaux are maintained entirely by voluntary subscriptions from public library authorities and other libraries, on a rough population basis, and each keeps a catalogue of books in the whole region. Costs are kept to a minimum. One of the largest of the bureaux, the south-eastern, has a membership of 87 library authorities, and handles the inter-loan of some 70,000 books a year at a cost of about £6,000. The National Central Library acts as an agent between regions, and has access to the stocks of many outlier libraries. It also acts as agent for loans between countries. Thus if a reader at any public library requires a book which is not in stock and cannot for various reasons be purchased, an application is first sent to the region. If it is not then obtainable, application will be made to other regions, or to a likely outlier library, possibly a university or special library. If a book is only likely to be available from a foreign source, the National Central Library will make enquiries. The resources of this system are seldom realized by the ordinary reader, but it can be

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an inestimable boon to the specialist. One medium-sized public library has through it in the past year loaned books from its stock to Moscow and Prague Universities, and obtained a microfilm of an article in an American newspaper and books from two American universities for local readers. The average public library will probably lend and borrow about 1,000 books a year through the regional systems and the National Central Library, and the total of borrowing throughout the country is about a quarter of a million books a year.

Local authorities are often accused of being narrow-minded or apathetic, but the growth of this system, fostered, it is true, by professional librarians, but supported without question by local authorities, is a shining example of what can be done by voluntary co-operation if the objectives are limited and immediately productive. No other country in the world has achieved such a system, and, indeed, no other country in the world has achieved country-wide coverage of public libraries.

Some other achievements may be briefly mentioned. A few years ago the Library Association, in co-operation with the British Museum and the publishers J. Whitaker and Sons, launched the first complete weekly list of all publications in this country, classified and bibliographically described. The British National Bibliography is now firmly established as a standard descriptive guide to new publications, used by all librarians. The Library Association also was responsible after World War Two for introducing what has now become the standard training system for librarians, with a network of library schools attached to colleges of technology, at which students attend for full-time training. Not only British library trainees but students from most countries of the Commonwealth now take advantage of this training system.

Over the hundred and odd years of their existence there is no doubt that public libraries have come a long way. There are 484 library authorities together spending nearly £16,000,000 a year. The number of registered readers is nearly 13,000,000, who between them borrow nearly 400 million books a year. Total book stocks are over 60 million, housed in 27,000 service points, which may range in size from the world-famous Central Libraries of Manchester; Glasgow, with its Mitchell Library; Birmingham, with one of the largest world collections of Shakespeareana; Sheffield, which

houses among other treasures the Wentworth archives, down to small village branch libraries and mobile libraries.

Considering that development has been entirely in the hands of local authorities, of all sizes and with varying means, under a series of adoptive Acts, without a penny of government grant at any time, this is by any standards a remarkable achievement. It is the more remarkable in view of the legend that we are not, as a nation, addicted to reading. But, in fact, no other nation lends so many books per capita through its public libraries as does Britain.

But if the picture is so bright and the achievement so great, why should it have been thought necessary in 1957 for the Minister of Education to set up a Committee 'to consider the structure of the public library service in England and Wales, and advise what changes if any should be made in the administrative arrangements'?

The fact that such a Committee was set up, under the chairmanship of Sir Sydney Roberts, and has recently reported¹ is, of course, well known; but the reasons for its existence, and the background of its recommendations, require some elucidation if they are to be understood.

Although the record of progress is an impressive one, it has been increasingly obvious for some time that permissive legislation has resulted in very different interpretations of duties as between authorities, even between authorities of comparable population and financial resources. At the same time it has been increasingly realized, by professional librarians if not by authorities, that the ever-more varied output of books on an increasing range of subjects, and the corresponding demands of readers at different levels of education, have made it more and more difficult for smaller library authorities to provide a satisfactory service. The regional library systems provide some service for the specialized reader in small towns, but they were never intended to supply books not bought by small libraries simply because of cost.

Comparative figures of book expenditure per head of population by different authorities show up the unevenness of expenditure quite clearly. In large counties, the highest expenditure per head is over 3s. The lowest, by a county almost as large, is 7½d. In county boroughs and metropolitan boroughs several are spending 2s. 6d.

¹*The Structure of the Public Library Service in England and Wales*, Cmmd. 660. H.M.S.O., 3s. 6d.

or more per head on books. Others spend 1s. or less. As population decreases, so does expenditure per head. As the Library Association demonstrated, whereas in populations of 50,000-75,000 the median expenditure on books is 1s. 6d., at the level of 10,000 and under it has gone down to 9d.

In the smaller authorities not only are some very low expenditures per head recorded but even when expenditure is commendable the sum produced is obviously insufficient to provide more than small proportion of books published. The Library Association has estimated that out of the 20,000 books published annually, about one-third should be available in any public library. Although books are the basis of a library service, the same difficulties apply to staff and premises. Where the maximum reasonable rate is insufficient to maintain buildings clean and attractive and provide qualified staff, the result must be a travesty of library service as provided in the larger centres.

The existence of this problem, and the obvious fact that in some parts of the country people are getting a better library service than in others, have long been recognized. As long ago as 1919 the Adult Education Committee of the Ministry of Reconstruction recommended that library powers should be granted to counties and county boroughs only. The Kenyon Committee in 1927 suggested that authorities with populations of under 20,000 should voluntarily surrender their powers. The McColvin Report of 1944 recommended a completely new system of regionalization, and many other proposals, including the complete nationalization of the system, have been canvassed. The difficulty has been that any proposed solution must take account not only of local pride but also that where local opinion is enlightened the library service benefits from local control. A less obvious difficulty has been that surrender of powers to a county authority would not necessarily improve a service if the county itself were backward, as many have been. There is in fact no straightforward solution to an administrative problem not peculiar to libraries, but applying to many other aspects of local government, in a country where local government is as much a matter of pride and tradition as of maximum efficiency.

The proposals for local government reconstruction offered a useful opportunity to review this not perhaps very important but

continuing problem, and accordingly, in the White Paper on Local Government Reform, public libraries were specifically excluded from the proposals. A statement was included that any proposals under this head would await the recommendations of a Committee to be set up by the Minister of Education.

The Committee when formed under the chairmanship of Sir Sydney Roberts was a representative one, including people drawn from all kinds of local authorities, local government officials, and three professional librarians: Mr F. C. Francis, now Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum; Mr L. R. McColvin, author of the post-war report on public library reform; and Mr E. C. Sydney, the immediate past-President of the Library Association.

The two main problems to be settled were: first, could any acceptable standards for public library service be framed, and if so, how could they be imposed; and, secondly, could any minimum population limit for an independent library authority be stated? There were in addition a number of smaller matters to be considered, such as the efficiency of the co-operating system, the question of indirect charges for overdue books, and one major problem, the possibility of closer co-operation between public libraries and university and other libraries as a part of a national library system.

The Committee was faced with a difficult and irritating task. Although the problem was not a large one in the context of local government as a whole, it had defied solution for many years, and powerful organizations were defending their own interests. The local authority associations have been for some time united in opposing any further transfer of local government functions to Whitehall, but usually have been in disagreement over any proposals to transfer powers from one to another.

In the circumstances it was not reasonable to expect any new or startling proposals. The Committee's terms were limited, and various novel suggestions had already been debated and rejected. The best that could be expected was a reasoned compromise; the worst, a series of pious platitudes.

In fact the Report, which has been recently published, is a pleasant surprise. Not only is it most readable, as one would expect in a document sponsored by Sir Sydney Roberts, but it contains in a small space a great deal of valuable information. Its proposals,

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In view of the conflicting evidence presented, this is something of an achievement. Seventy-one organizations and individuals presented written evidence, some of it irreconcilable.

The Association of Municipal Corporations thought that all boroughs and urban districts should exercise library powers if they wanted to (despite the fact that only one-fifth of urban districts have ever desired to), and that local public opinion should be the only criterion of efficiency. The Urban District Councils Association thought that a population of 10,000 could efficiently run a public library. The Smaller Libraries Group thought the figure should be 15,000. The County Councils Association thought that only county boroughs and county councils should exercise library powers, which would reduce library authorities from nearly 500 to 160. Similar divergencies presented themselves on the question of the amount of money to be spent on books.

The Library Association, the chartered body able to speak for the library profession and library interests generally, attempted in its evidence to reconcile opposing views. In its opinion the size of the authority was of secondary importance to the service given, and it considered that many very large authorities are not providing good service to readers, while many small ones are. Minimum standards of service were the primary requirements. At the same time it recognized that there must be a lower limit of population, and certain autonomous authorities are failing to provide a good service simply because circumstances, financial and other, are too much for them. The standard recommended by the Association was, therefore, a minimum of 3s. a head on books, and a minimum total of £8,000 a year for books, re-binding, and periodicals.

The Committee, drawing its own conclusions, accepts broadly the Library Association's statistics, and proposes that £5,000 per annum, or 2s. per head, whichever is the greater, should be the criterion for independent provision. Roughly, an authority of 40,000 could reasonably meet this criterion, and a few are already approaching it. The Committee also recommends that the Ministry of Education should in future exercise general supervision of the service as a whole, reinforced by powers comparable with those of the Public Health Act, Section 322, and with the assistance of

two advisory bodies, one for England and one for Wales. County councils, which will presumably have added duties if small authorities surrender their powers, will be required to submit a scheme of administration, with provision for delegation of powers or other suitable arrangements to preserve local interest.

These are the principal recommendations. Others cover co-operation, to which statutory recognition is to be given; library charges, which are generally frowned on; buildings, which should be improved; wider powers to spend money on cultural activities; and the loan of non-book materials such as gramophone records. There is also a very pertinent paragraph on the status and salaries of qualified staff. Librarians are modest people, and it is noticeable that none of the professional associations giving evidence took the opportunity to draw attention to their own status or salaries, confining themselves to the wider issues. The Committee, therefore, has done it for them. It points out that there is a considerable shortage of qualified librarians, which is little to be wondered at since 60 per cent. of them are employed on scales with a maximum of £725 per annum, and less than 5 per cent. have salaries over £1,325. Scales in general are considerably lower than those for teachers, though the standard of qualification required is at least comparable. The Committee recommends examination of this problem, and the provision of more specialist posts at adequate salaries.

There seems to be no reason why these proposals should not be translated into legislation, possibly a little modified on the question of the size of authority, and, indeed, it has been gratifying to professional librarians to see the uniformly warm reception given to the proposals by the press. It is evident that public libraries have general sympathy and acceptance, and that they are accepted as providing an important and useful public service. From being the seedy institutions mentioned in the first paragraph, mentioned in passing and rather contemptuously by Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells, they have, where they have been allowed to develop, become important and influential in daily life. Good public libraries have always been important in some people's lives. Dr Bronowski paid tribute to the Bethnal Green Public Library as the most important influence in his early life; Lord Attlee was once Chairman of a Public Libraries Committee; Aneurin Bevan found in his local

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library the answers to his quest for knowledge. But, recently, the few have become many. An annual book issue of nearly 400 million is a staggering total, and it has quintupled in 30 years.

Who are the people who use public libraries, and what do they read? What are the facts behind the statistics?

The answer to the first question is, though not everybody, all kinds of people. The national average is 28 per cent. of the population, but in densely populated areas with exceptional library service it may rise to 40 per cent. These are registered readers. Many others use reference libraries and reading rooms. The main difference between now and 50 years ago is that libraries are used by the professional classes and middle income groups to-day, and they were not 50 years ago. The cost of books and the gradual disappearance of commercial circulating libraries provided the reasons for the change, and the consequences in demand for newer and cleaner books accelerated it. Spending 2s. 6d. per head of the total population on books, a public library can provide a reasonable supply of new books, discard them as they get dirty, and, by reservation system, guarantee supply of a particular book in a reasonable time. The widening of educational facilities has also led to more readers of a particular type. Older school-children, part-time technical students, university students on vacation use public libraries in great numbers. The public libraries have also wisely provided extensive service to children, thereby meeting a demand not only from children but from parents, and ensuring their supply of future readers. Of the total use of a typical public library service, from a quarter to a third will be by children.

The content of reading is as varied as the readers. A large part of it, a fact which provokes some sniping occasionally, is fiction, between 40 and 50 per cent. of the total. Possibly a third of this is what is usually called 'light' fiction, fiction which has no other purpose than to entertain: romances, detective stories, thrillers, and the like. Some librarians deplore this aspect of the profession; others take the view that what the public pay for they have a right to have. What is seldom stated is that light reading of this kind is not in fact the reading of the masses, but itself implies some standard of concentration and education. Anyone who has experience of the C and D streams in a secondary modern school, or who has examined the contents of a newsagent's shop, will realize that to

many the lightest reading obtainable in a public library represents an unattainable pinnacle. To them a 'book' is simply a differentiating expression from 'newspaper,' and means an elementary magazine consisting mainly of pictures. The hard-cover book for them simply does not exist. But whether this explanation satisfies all interested in libraries or not, it is a fact that the average public library does attempt, on its fiction shelves, to give a fair conspectus of the range of classical and modern novels. The novel as a work of literature gets a fair enough show to satisfy any reasonable reader.

In general literature the range of interests is enormous, and almost no subject, however abstruse, would raise an eyebrow among the library staff, though the demand for subjects at research level is lower than it should be, except in very large libraries. A revival of interest in religious books and a continual growing interest in biography are interesting features. But undoubtedly the interest that has led more new readers into public libraries than anything else in recent years is in practical subjects of all kinds: amateur craftsmanship, hobbies, and leisure-time interests. The idea of an apathetic population quietly watching television and filling in pools coupons is not shared by a lending librarian, who sees the whole population frantically busy cooking, gardening, paperhanging, painting, building aquaria, installing hi-fi equipment, or breeding budgerigars. Add to these the requests for information on careers and improvement of efficiency, travel, marriage, birth and death ceremonial, and one has the portrait of an extremely busy population, trying its best to cope with circumstances slightly beyond it. The following selection of enquiries over a single week in a typical busy lending library will give some idea of the extraordinary range of requests and the stock that must be carried to meet them:

Bottling tomatoes; how to lay fitted carpets; care of cricket pitches; life of Isobel Farnese; method of construction of Tudor chimneys; story of Tolpuddle martyrs; comparison between washing machines; information on Petra; how to build a greenhouse; making rosehip syrup; magnetic recording; glass-fibre boat building; judging embroidery; reed thatching; art of conversation; cheese making; vine cultivation; glass blowing; making mobiles; uses of seaweed; radio script writing; tiling bathrooms; manufacture of insecticides; beginning sculpture; conducting a trade union meeting; history of the Essenes; underwater fishing.

Those who are anxious about the intellectual future of the country, and envisage the population more and more devoted to television viewing and mass sport watching, would find a morning spent in a busy public library a tonic reviver. Never before have so many people had so many and varied interests, time to pursue them, and sufficient keenness to do them as well as possible.

The real value and attraction of the public library lies in its informality and range of material. It is neither an educational nor a recreative institution, but something of both. It is used by all ages and by all kinds of people at all intellectual levels. At present it is moving gradually towards a more specialized educational function, which accounts for some of its financial and staffing difficulties.

What its future may be depends very much on how far literacy continues to be the fundamental basis of education. So far the answer has been decisive, since despite all handicaps, public libraries have grown as the extent of education has grown. If the tidying up proposed by the Roberts Committee is carried out, there will be possibilities of further advance.

FRANK M. GARDNER

WHAT IS BOLIVIA?

THE Outside World knows little of Bolivia, and cares less. This in itself is sufficiently distressing when one considers that the United Nations is striving, not without results, to overcome underdevelopment in this classical example of The Underdeveloped Country and that the United States government is waging a deadly economic war high in the Andes to keep Bolivia from slipping into communism by default. But distressing to a greater degree is the fact that many a Bolivian himself, who may indeed know *too* much of Bolivia for his own liking, cares even less.

One reads in sociological tracts of a new American mass-inferiority complex, a post-war realization of certain mediocrities of U.S. culture, of even a new hesitation in proclaiming the beauties of The American Way of Life. In Bolivia one does not need recourse to sociological tracts to determine a mass-inferiority complex; it is on so many lips. All too often, patriotism is a bad joke; hope for the future of the country takes, at best, the form of the Viennese quip: the situation is hopeless but not serious. A debate on 'progress'—such as conducted last year in *The Observer*—were it even conceivable here, might well come out unanimously against inclusion of the word in a Bolivian dictionary. It would appear that at least no one in the minority ruling class truly expects progress, only another political upheaval, an unsystematic yet thorough destruction of what *has* in fact been accomplished since the last upheaval, and a starting-over again from the beginning.

The roots of this inferiority feeling and lack of faith in the future may be traced to Bolivia's sorry relations with and escapades in the Outside World—but not necessarily, it would seem, from that day when Queen Victoria, angered by the humiliation of her minister (who, a señor Godiva for a day, was expelled, naked and on donkey back, by the dictator Melgarejo), struck Bolivia off the maps of British schoolboys. Bolivia, without royal assistance, has done admirably in this direction herself.

In the War of the Pacific in the 1880's she surrendered the wealthy nitrate desert of Atacama and her outlet to the Pacific Ocean to the Chileans. Encouraged by Bolivia's ineffectual military

efforts, Argentina annexed a bite of the Chaco jungle, and Brazil moved into the rich Acre Territory of the North. Chile, Argentina, and Brazil all compensated Bolivia by building railways across her frontiers, but with the exception of the Chilean-built line between La Paz and the free port of Arica (now landlocked Bolivia's closest outlet to the sea), they have remained either unfinished or impractical. In the 1930's constant bickering with Paraguay over the Chaco jungle led to the bloody Chaco Wars, from which a battered Bolivia retired, losing three-fourths of that area which to-day is beginning to produce oil. Whenever a Bolivian has taken up gun, it has backfired. Its military, long the backbone of autocratic regimes, was finally and perhaps conclusively humiliated in the 1952 revolution, when army officers were marched by gun-pointing miners down the 1,500-foot mountainside into La Paz—sans trousers. It would be difficult indeed, after all this, for a Bolivian audience seriously to rise at the end of a theatre performance and uncynically break into the national anthem, a monotonous, listless sing-song that well reflects the current lack of patriotic fervour or even normal national pride among the worried and withering ruling class.

As a backward nation, almost totally undeveloped, the day-to-day sequence of life only reinforces these feelings of historical inferiority and desperation. The Outside World, and in particular the United States, is the Mecca for practically every young Bolivian of that economic class which can entertain hopes of leaving the country. Rare indeed is the youth who, after receiving his university education in the U.S. if possible, in Argentina if not, intends to return to Bolivia and put his abilities to work for the nation. The sooner he sees the last of his birthplace the better; hence Bolivia is deprived of most of the better young minds which it needs so very much.

'My wares are all of excellent quality,' says the local shop-keeper, 'because they are all imported.' He laughs, embarrassed, because it is true. The few going industries, the few well-operated shops, the few quality products—almost all are created, distributed, displayed, and sold by foreign residents, many of them Jewish refugees from Hitler Germany and pro-Nazis fleeing Allied justice who, for all their ideological antipathies, possess one quality in common: industriousness.

It may ring a bit too much of Babbittism to say that among the innumerable problems facing Bolivia the absence of plain hard work is the greatest. Yet all too often *work* is a word that ranks alongside patriotism or hope: something best avoided. A case in point is the Bolivia Railway Company, a British-owned concern which operates the 1,800-mile line from La Paz to Antofagasta, Chile. Nearly bankrupt, the railway has none the less been required by government agreements and the powerful railway syndicate to keep on the payrolls at least a thousand employees who quite simply do not work, although they may in fact draw overtime pay and increments for evening hours when they are sipping the local corn liquor—*chicha*—in the neighbourhood bar. Recently the railway's 4,600 employees staged a three-week strike, demanding an incredible 200 per cent. increase in wages, although they rank among the better-paid of Bolivia. The government arbitrated, offered a monthly increase of 50,000 *bolivianos* (about £2), and after a violent stone war between strikers and irate bag porters and vegetable sellers who depend on the railway for their livelihoods, the syndicate agreed—albeit temporarily—to accept the government offer. That the Bolivia Railway has been unable to find the money for the increases was underlined in February, when the company announced its intention to cease operations in Bolivia and the Bolivian government countered with a nationalization plan and frenzied cries of 'we can run the railway better anyway.' To-day the long-harassed British await the final outcome in an atmosphere of threats and yet more strikes.

If the Bolivian has sophisticated any talent, it is that of the strike. The railway is but one case; teachers, electrical workers, postal employees, and inevitably the miners cannot allow a three-month period to pass without *brazos caídos*—'fallen arms.' Last autumn the teachers were promised by the Ministry of Education a 60 per cent. increase in salaries; after two months and no sign of the increase, they struck. A Ministry of Education official laughingly suggested that had the Ministry promised only 10 per cent. the teachers would have struck a month earlier; of course the government did not have the funds, even for a 10 per cent. rise, but felt quite proud of itself for holding off the strike by its flamboyant offer. Postal employees struck four times during 1958; accumulated mail was simply burned as the most expedient means of

'processing' it. Last winter even the students in state schools staged a strike, protesting the cold weather, and won a fortnight's holiday.

But the mines are the particularly irascible subject. In the popular revolution of 1952, the tin mines were expropriated from foreign control and nationalized. There is little doubt but that, prior to that time, the miners were exploited by their foreign controllers: long hours, Dickensian working conditions, miserable pay. Their lot has improved, but not that of the mines themselves. Bolivia is in the clumsy position of many Latin American republics; as copper in Chile, oil in Venezuela, coffee in Colombia and Brazil, Bolivia's economy is tied, indeed handcuffed, to tin. Gone are the days when the now almost legendary Simón Patiño could build an empire on tin. Due to Soviet exports of cheap tin and a cut in U.S. import quotas, the market is glutted and depressed, and the expense of hauling ore from Bolivia to the sea coast is prohibitive so long as the world price is poor. The mines, under national control, have not prospered, and only U.S. financial assistance (£50,000,000 over the last six years) covers their staggering annual losses. Perhaps the best example of the tin plight is the San José mine near Oruro, where worked-out deposits are scraped futilely for an inferior product. Of course the San José, like so many other Bolivian mines, should be shut down.

But here politics enter the picture, as is the habit in Latin America. The all-powerful miners' syndicate, headed by Señor Lechin, popularly known as 'The Milkman' (*leche* = milk), is a constant thorn in the side of the present government, whose able and unenviably placed president is Dr Hernán Siles Zuazo. Sr Lechin, formerly a minister in the government, dispenses nothing so healthful as milk; rather, virulence and agitation: incessant wage demands, despite the desperate economic conditions of the mines; refusal to consider the closing of uneconomical mines, with the attendant dismissal of unproductive workers; and a pro-communist front that battles practically every social and economic programme of the president. Hence the nationalized mines are sharply divided into pro-Siles and pro-Lechin camps, and violence between the conflicting miners erupts with depressing regularity. So potent is Lechin that one here frequently hears the comment that President Siles' authority ceases at the city limits of

La Paz; beyond, Lechin is the acting president of Bolivia—a James Hoffa of the Andes.

Not only the economy but the distribution and composition of the people here present innumerable dilemmas. Of a critically under-populated country (4,000,000 in an area four times that of the United Kingdom) 52 per cent. are pure Indian, 32 per cent. *cholo* (mixed Indian and European blood), and the remainder of Spanish-European descent. Nearly 80 per cent. of this population occupies the *altiplano*, a dry and cold plateau entirely without vegetation. Yet the *altiplano* composes only 30 per cent. of the land area of a nation usually thought of as wholly mountainous but of which, in fact, 70 per cent. is semi-tropical or tropical lowlands. Although the plateau is the most unfavourable area imaginable for the development of agriculture required to overcome hunger and poverty, the *altiplano* Indians will not move; attempts to transplant them to the rich lowlands have failed utterly, the Indians falling prey to tropical diseases and failing to adapt their particular physiques (huge lung development and 40 per cent. more red corpuscles) to the demands of the sea-level life. Tenaciously, the Indian clings to his scrap of 13,000-foot-high desert, manages to herd small flocks of llamas, alpacas, and sheep, produce ping-pong-ball-sized potatoes which, to tide him over the year, he freezes and eats as *chuño*, practically his only food.

The failure in attempts to transplant the *altiplano* Indian, combined with the underpopulation problem, has resulted at periods in Bolivia's history in the encouragement of immigration. The government fostered immigrants from the Middle East in the hope they would work the vast expanses of untilled land; instead, the great majority have become prosperous businessmen, and in a city such as Oruro, every other clothing and draper's shops has a Middle Eastern nameplate. The recent immigration of Okinawans has, however, proved of more success in the undeveloped Beni department, where, with characteristic energy, the Okinawans have carved thriving farms in the jungle and brought under domestication many of the wild cattle of the region. Certainly more extensive immigration should be encouraged; the danger lies in the fact that immigrants tend to place a greater value on hard work, and rather than remaining farmers or labourers, they soon move into private enterprise and join, even dominate, the already overcrowded upper class.

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But it is the majority population group, the Indian, which represents the major social dilemma of Bolivia, if only that the Indians are, in fact, treated as a minority group or as no group at all. They are almost entirely outside the economy of the country. Until the revolution of 1952, when the MNR (*Movimiento Nacionalista Revolucionario*—'revolution' is a U-word in Latin America and carries none of the stigma attached to it in Anglo-Saxon countries) assumed power, with its more liberal policies towards the labouring and agricultural class, Indians were actually barred from the cinemas, parks, and restaurants of the larger cities: Little Rock in the clouds. Even to-day, in La Paz and the provincial capitals, one finds the Indians restricted mainly to the railway yards, where they seek work as *cargadors* (porters) and are treated as pack animals by the 'white' minority, and the markets, where they implore wealthy Bolivian and *gringo* (foreign) housewives to be allowed to carry their purchases. These few Indians who have trickled into the cities may in time move on into the *cholo* class, become small businessmen, traders, and, the most popular occupation of all: black marketeers. But the overwhelming majority of them will adhere to their tiny adobe villages, a few one-storey huts built around a shallow well and a scrub tree or two, sitting on their haunches for hours on end watching their llamas watching them, preparing their *chuño*, perhaps studying with some dismay the radishes which the U.S. Point Four Agricultural Service has introduced to the plateau.

To-day the Indian continues to speak his own language (of which Aymara and Quechua—the Incan tongue—are most prominent), although the males are more and more evidencing a desire to learn Spanish and the country schools, now cropping up in the most unlikely and isolated places, teach Spanish as the major study. While the Indians are not organized, and have little desire to be, there are also indications that they are beginning to take an interest in politics, in their rights under the republican constitution. Gone, or nearly gone, are the days when the great landowners could visit an Indian hamlet, choose alpacas or sheep or whatever struck their fancy, and walk off with them, paying or not, according to their whims. The Bolivian Indian, passive but proud, has obviously advanced in the last decade.

An anthropological friend who lives in an Aymara village considers the Indian the future hope of Bolivia, and predicts an

Aymara president within the next five years. Though his expectations are perhaps a bit accelerated, he may be right in the long run. For certainly a nation will never prosper when more than half of a meagre population takes no part in the economic, social, and political life of the nation. The day of domination by the small 'white' minority is fading—has to fade. There will of course be casualties, there are casualties already, e.g. the recent looting of wealthy landowners' homes near Cochabamba by irate Indian *campesinos*. The minority, which for so long has controlled the life and purse-strings, is scared. Its detest of the Indian has a certain parallel to the hatred born of fear of the 'white trash' in the Southern U.S. for the Negro. So it is that the lack of patriotism, lack of hope for the future of Bolivia, mentioned earlier, is most characteristic of that minority ruling class that still, somewhat shakily, dominates the nation. The Indian—who has hope and little else—and the *cholo*, who is making money and is absorbed in making more—these two groups are more optimistic.

Certainly the extension of state schools in a country 94 per cent. illiterate has contributed to this more hopeful attitude and has aroused the Indian, who has been more or less torpid for centuries since the Spanish Conquest. The United Nations, under a skilful Swedish director, operates a *campesino* school at Playaverde, near Oruro, to which Indian farmers go to learn new agricultural techniques, hygiene, Spanish, manual arts, and so return to their villages to spread the word. The day will come when the word is sufficiently broadcast, and Indians will certainly begin to take their place in Bolivian society. The prayer of the United Nations, the ruling minority of Bolivia, and the U.S. government is that this inevitable movement will be made without violence or resort to radical political ideals.

If the advance of the Bolivian Indian is peaceable, it is likely he will merge gradually with the *cholos*, who—although the term is bound to have a quite different meaning here than in England—can be termed the Rising Middle Class. It is the *cholo* who, by marriage and the discarding of traditions, has escaped the hand-to-mouth existence of the Indian village with its Damocles sword of hunger. It is the *cholo* who now more and more controls the lower reaches of the economic machinery: the fruit and vegetable markets, the black market through which the majority of foreign goods reach

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Bolivia, the liquor (raw alcohol from the Santa Cruz area), and coca (which the Indian invariably chews, mixed with lime, to numb hunger and transport him to a jollier universe). While many *cholos* barely scrape by in their new life, some are prosperous and prospering more and more. The *cholo* men have discarded the Indian dress of home-spun cloth and woollen caps with long earflaps and sandals made from discarded automobile tyres in favour of shabby Western business suits; the women, with few exceptions, still cling to their brilliantly coloured skirts, reams of petticoats, long black hair in pigtails, babies thrown in cloth cradles over their backs, and their marvellous and indispensable hats, which vary from brown derbies in the La Paz-Oruro area to tall white Mother Goose hats in Cochabamba and black stovepipes in Potosi. But, within the next decade, the hats will probably disappear, and with them the Indian heritage and traditions, and who is to say how far into the economic life the *cholo*—who is generally shrewd and ambitious—is likely to penetrate? A true Middle Class in the European sense may well develop in time.

Coupled with the extension of agricultural production, the establishment of at least light industries, the exploitation of Bolivia's extensive potential resources, this growth of a solid Middle Class and the gradual assimilation of the Indian in the useful life of the country may well spell progress and belie the pessimism and hopelessness so common to the present ruling class. Unhappily, that ruling class is tenacious, and its definition of progress is quite different from that envisioned by the Indian and the *cholo*, i.e. a suppression of the Indian, definite limitation on the inroads made by the rising Middle Class, and higher profits and more accumulated wealth for themselves: all too frequently this is their idea of 'progress.'

For Bolivia, potentially, is an astonishingly rich nation, with unlimited mineral resources and rich timberlands in the lowland Beni and Santa Cruz departments. Every Bolivian is a millionaire—except that he doesn't have the money for a shovel or an axe. Transport is atrocious, and it is only through the offices of the Point Four Road Service that to-day a satisfactory if unsurfaced road exists from the capital to Oruro and Cochabamba, the nation's second city and central market for agricultural produce. As a result of this road, exchange of products among the cities has accelerated,

and two bus services (operated by foreigners and using German buses) compete for passenger traffic between themselves and in league against the unfortunate Bolivia Railway Company. But until the road system is extended considerably more, the oil of Santa Cruz and the timber of the Beni will remain where they are. Add to this the lack of population, particularly of persons with technological skills, and the development of industry and exploitation of natural resources become a formidable task.

Here the U.S. government, and in particular the Point Four Programme, enters the picture. Since introduction of the monetary stabilization programme, in which the *boliviano*—unit of local currency—is backed by the dollar, the erratic Bolivian currency has, until recently, settled and remained stable at about 25,000 to the £. Imported goods unobtainable two years ago are available for those who can afford them. A certain faith in the currency has returned, although a hesitant faith; 'so long as Uncle Sam backs us up, we'll get by' is the general sentiment. One of the aims of the stabilization programme is to hold down prices, which involves wage freezing, else the spiral of inflation would begin once again. But recent strikes and wage demands, which fly in the face of stabilization, have begun to upset the delicate balance, and in the last few months the *boliviano* has wilted to 35,000 to the £ and is again in trouble.

Technical assistance, under Point Four, is of course the most promising and required service the U.S.A. is granting. There is a general admiration in all three social classes for the work of the Point Four Health Service, which has established clinics, maternal homes, and offered valuable instruction in hygiene. The Point Four Education Service, which has assisted Bolivian schools with materials and instruction, is welcomed wholeheartedly. More mixed opinions greet the work of the Road Service; no one here denies the value of the roads built and maintained by Point Four, but many Bolivians feel considerably more funds should be applied, that the accomplishments do not even begin to match the needs. The Agricultural Service is generally lauded, but behind the sweet words are grumblings and rumblings: why does Point Four not encourage the development of industry in Bolivia? Why only radishes and turnips and King-Sized potatoes (which the *altiplano* Indian scorns anyway, since they are too large for the preparation of *chuño*)?

Left-wing elements are quick with the answer: because development of industry in Bolivia would cut off valuable markets for the export of American industrial products. While there may be a certain truth in this claim, a look at the Bolivian market—where not more than 10 per cent. of a small population can afford to more than wistfully glance at imported American goods—indicates that its loss to American trade would be negligible. Of course it is frankly admitted on both American and Bolivian sides that U.S. aid to the country is first and foremost offered in order to keep Bolivia from the temptations of communism; hence the efforts to date have been primarily to bolster the economy, eliminate the worst of poverty and hunger and ill-health. Development of industry and the full exploitation of natural resources, say Point Four officials, can come only when the economy and the people are healthy.

Unfortunately the progress made by Point Four and the stabilization programme has not necessarily contributed to a more optimistic or co-operative attitude. What if the U.S. should suddenly decide to pull out? What if the American economic recession reaches such proportions that Congress cuts off funds for Bolivia? After all, reasons the Bolivian correctly, my country is not of the same strategic importance in the Cold War as, for instance, a Lebanon or a Yugoslavia. The result is that what faith exists is temporal, and beyond that a few of the more enlightened Bolivians recognize the dangers of continued U.S. assistance, the habit of receiving presents, which becomes soothing and accepted as a matter of course, that is easier than hard work. Should the presents suddenly cease, chaos would certainly resume. That present-giving is not the most successful of policies was supported by recent riots and deaths in La Paz and Cochabamba, caused by a *Time* magazine article in which a U.S. spokesman said that 'the U.S. has nothing to show' for its six years of aid. Sensitive Bolivians shouted the familiar 'Yankee Go Home,' and the hand that fed was bitten viciously.

A second danger confronts Bolivia: that of placing faith in miracles. The arrival of Uncle Sam was a kind of miracle, now the promising discoveries by British and American interests of oil in the Chaco region arise as a second miracle, and too much hope is placed in Bolivia's suddenly becoming rich in the manner of Venezuela. It may happen, but the obstacles of transport, technology, funds for equipment, and satisfactory agreements between

private oil companies and the government (understandably suspicious of foreign investments which have led to oppression in the past) stand between to-day and the miracle, and it may be years before oil presents a truly valuable export. In the meantime—what? The fear is that in the meantime Bolivia will simply wait, hope rather desperately, and totter from strike to strike, crisis to crisis, with the ever-present possibility of violent revolution.

Lest all this sound too pessimistic, it should be emphasized that since 1952 progress *has* been made, though it is in daily danger of being torn out by the roots. Dr Siles, the present president, subject to criticism from both left- and right-wing political factions, still commands an irrefutable respect, even among his political opponents in the communist party and the right-wing Falange. He himself appears incorruptible, a curiosity among Latin American political leaders, and at least the top rank of the MNR government gives every appearance of honesty and devotion, although corruption is still rampant in the lower echelons of the bureaucracy. While the MNR nationalization programme for the mines has not succeeded, except in so far as it has improved the individual lot of the miner, its agrarian and educational reforms have certainly gone far to remove the previous ills of hunger and illiteracy. There seems little doubt but what Dr Siles is the most outstanding president the republic, accustomed to a succession of autocratic military leaders, has been blessed with to date. But his position, behind a barricade and dodging cross-fire, is difficult and treacherous, and one could hardly blame him if he concluded to resign permanently; twice last year he submitted his resignation, but was each time persuaded to return. The current quip in La Paz is that President Siles was caught in the middle of the night making for the air terminal and was hauled back by force to the presidential palace. It is the element of possible truth that makes this anecdote at once amusing and pathetic.

Perhaps of even greater importance than the problem of syndicates, wage demands, the Indian problem is the general atmosphere in which Dr Siles must work: hopelessness in the ruling class, disregard for work, complacency about U.S. aid, the idea of miracles, and, most of all, a political immaturity. In a nation accustomed to revolution—and there has been no proper revolution for more than six years—the populace is restless. The long-term benefits of the

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stabilization programme, of agrarian and educational reforms are not sufficient for a highly impatient people, and each day brings with it the danger of those benefits being thrown out the window.

Yet, should Bolivia be able to solve the dilemma of its tin mines; should British and American technicians, assisted by the establishment of workable roads, be able to draw forth the oil riches of the Chaco; should the Indian be successfully integrated in the life of the nation; should Dr Siles be able to transfuse his political maturity to the restless, revolutionary-minded electorate; should plain hard work replace agitation and fingernail-biting; should patriotism cease to be a bad joke; should the cream of Bolivia's youth choose to remain in or return to their country—then hope for the future of Bolivia may in fact develop, and one may hear no more the suggestion, put forth even by Bolivians, that the nation would be better off if parcelled out to neighbouring countries and cease any longer to exist as an independent republic.

JOHN BARR

HUGH LANE AND THE THIRTY-NINE PICTURES

THE *Lusitania* was torpedoed on May 7, 1915. Among those who went down in her, almost within sight of his birthplace at Ballybrack, County Cork, was Sir Hugh Lane, Director of the National Gallery of Ireland. The death of this gifted man, at the early age of thirty-nine, brought sorrow both to his friends and to those who had worked with him, but since few of those who knew him intimately are still alive he is chiefly remembered to-day because of the controversy which has persisted for over forty years about the destination of some of his pictures. These pictures, the thirty-nine of the so-called 'Conditional Gift,' are, quite legally, in the possession of England. Some of them are in the National Gallery, others are in the Tate, and their presence there has often been described as an affront to all Irishmen, as well as to that considerable body of Englishmen who believe that Lane genuinely wished the pictures to go to his own country after his death.

That Lane himself was primarily responsible for the situation which has given rise to the controversy and which has contributed not a little to the embitterment of the relations between England and Ireland is undeniable. For the man who once refused a position worth £10,000 a year as chief buyer to a firm of picture dealers because 'it would be a very poor year in which I couldn't make £10,000,' had, according to his sister, 'no business habits in the ordinary sense of the word and was ignorant of legal technicalities.' He was, indeed, so ignorant of the law that he did not know, what almost everyone of any education does know, that a will or its codicil, besides being signed, should be properly attested by two witnesses. Thus when, on February 3, 1915, he wrote a codicil to his will of October 11, 1913, to the effect that 'the group of pictures now at the London National Gallery, which I had bequeathed to that institution, I now bequeath to the City of Dublin,' he merely signed it and locked it in his desk at the Dublin National Gallery, where it was discovered after his death.

But in order to understand why Lane found it necessary to write this codicil; why, in contradiction of his frequently expressed desire to give Dublin 'a collection of masterpieces of modern or contem-

porary art,' he had originally willed his pictures to the National Gallery of London, it is necessary to consider some of the details of his career. According to Miss Olivia Robertson, author of that engaging book, *Dublin Phoenix*, 'the trait [in Lane] that was to cause all the trouble was an exaggerated Anglo-Irish dichotomy.' The proposition is interesting but, in view of the energy and enthusiasm with which Lane threw himself into his work for Ireland, scarcely valid. It is true, of course, that he was of Anglo-Irish and Protestant stock and the holder of an English knighthood; that he was domiciled in England for the greater part of his life; that his involvement in the intellectual and artistic part of the Irish nationalist movement did not engender in him any personal antipathy towards the English. Yet as W. B. Yeats, a shrewd observer who knew him well, was to put it, 'more than all the rest he was Irish, and of a family that had in their passion and in their thought given great gifts to the people.'

At all events, when Lane first came to London at the age of eighteen in 1893 he was glad to take a job as assistant at Colnaghi's Gallery at a wage of one pound a week. It was during his two years here and three subsequent years at the Marlborough Gallery that he laid the foundations of his great knowledge of painting and began to exhibit that extraordinary flair for buying and selling pictures which amounted almost to genius. At the age of twenty-three he began dealing on his own account, and having in two years made no less than £10,000 he set himself up as a 'gentleman dealer' in luxurious private chambers in Jermyn Street. Once established in his profession, Lane, who since leaving Ireland had seldom been able to spare the time for any interests outside his work, spent a long holiday with his aunt, Lady Gregory, at Coole. Here he met some of the leaders of the Irish renaissance, among them W. B. Yeats, Edward Martyn, and Douglas Hyde. This kind of society was by no means what he had been accustomed to, and at first he was 'a little outside the party, a little bored by it.' Nevertheless, it was as a result of his communion with these distinguished minds that he was inspired to work for the artistic regeneration of Ireland, and with characteristic impetuosity he took his first practical steps towards that end before he returned to England. One day he paid a casual visit to an exhibition of paintings by J. B. Yeats and Nathaniel Hone. Although conversant with Yeats's work, he had

never before seen any paintings of Hone's, and their quality so excited him that he 'ran all about Dublin talking of them and wanting to buy the whole collection.' He did buy some of them, then and there, later presenting them to the Dublin Municipal Gallery; and, entirely at his own expense, he commissioned J. B. Yeats to paint a series of portraits of distinguished Irishmen for presentation to the nation. Yeats painted portraits of Sir Horace Plunkett, W. G. Fay, W. B. Yeats, Dowden, and Synge, but it was left to Sir William Orpen to complete the series, which now forms an important part of the iconography of Ireland. 'As Hugh Lane's first work for his country,' wrote Lady Gregory, 'it is a page of her history.'

In the following year he came to the rescue of the Royal Hibernian Academy, which had for years been on the point of extinction through lack of funds. W. B. Yeats had hoped 'to see a row in Parliament as to why the Scottish Academy had £1,500 a year from Government and the Hibernian Academy £500,' but Lane, aware that the voting of money for artistic purposes has never been the strong point of British Governments, whatever their political colour, saw that the Academy might well expire before its plight was even considered. Accordingly, he crossed to Ireland and proposed that the Academy should hold, in the manner of the Royal Academy of London, a Loan Exhibition of Old Masters. As the Academy was too impoverished to pay for the packing, carriage, and insurance of the exhibits he took this burden upon himself, as well as the task of persuading the inhabitants of the great country houses, the 'Horseback Halls' of rural Ireland, to lend their pictures. The exhibition was a brilliant success, both artistically and financially, although some suspicious Irishmen suggested that Lane's chief object in organizing it had been to find out if there were any forgotten masterpieces in private hands so that he could buy them at a low price and trade with them in London. The facts were demonstrably otherwise. As Lane himself put it: 'There is no "business" in this show, it is simply *la gloire*. I am trying to wake up these sleepy Irish painters to do great things, to get them a new R.A. building and a decent money grant. I also want to bring good pictures into the country rather than out of it.'

Lady Gregory, who saw much of him at this time, revealed that

she was 'filled with joy and pride' when she realized what great things, with his money and his talent, he could do to 'bring back distinction and dignity to Ireland.' It was, at all events, during this period that Lane, attributing the absence of a regenerative movement in Irish painting, similar to that in literature and the drama, to a lack of good modern examples, first considered the foundation of a gallery of modern art in Dublin. As he wrote two years later in his introduction to the catalogue of the London Exhibition of a Selection of Works by Irish Painters, 'there is not in Ireland one single accessible collection of modern or contemporary art. A gallery of Irish and modern art in Dublin would create a standard of taste . . . and would be as necessary to the student if we are to have a distinct school of painting in Ireland.' This was the first formal announcement of the project that he had in mind, and yet at the time he was quite ignorant, indeed almost disdainful of modern work. According to Sir William Orpen, who went with him to Paris in 1905, he had up to that time never set eyes on a Manet before. Yet, such was his sixth sense where the value of pictures was concerned, once he had interested himself in the French school he chose unerringly and, as Orpen told Lady Gregory, 'in a very short time he had made that great collection you are fighting for.'

His next move was to exhibit in Dublin, together with about 140 other modern pictures either borrowed or presented by him and his friends, 160 modern pictures and drawings lent by the executors of the voracious collector, J. Staats Forbes, which were offered at lower than market price if they were to be bought for a public gallery. Such an opportunity was too good to miss for an Ireland which, he wrote, was in 'the unique position of being the only country that cannot boast of a Museum of Modern Art. . . . It now depends on all artistic Irishmen to support the project in a practical manner. The small collection that I have formed myself will only be presented on the condition that steps are taken to place the Gallery on a sound basis.' This exhibition was also a success, between 40 and 50 pictures from the Staats Forbes collection being saved by gift or subscription. But the most important result of Lane's activity was that on March 24, 1905, the Corporation of Dublin unanimously passed a resolution granting £500 a year for the maintenance of a gallery 'in which the valuable pictures offered

to the City by Mr Lane and others might be safely housed.' Pending the erection of a permanent gallery, Clonmel House, 17, Harcourt Street, Dublin, was to be used as a home for the collection, and this was opened in January 1908. In his prefatory note to the catalogue, however, Lane once again made it clear that his collection of modern pictures could be presented to the gallery only if 'the promised permanent building is erected on a suitable site within the next few years.'

It is improbable that when he wrote those words Lane had any suspicion that his work might come to nothing. Press attacks on him as a self-seeking showman had irritated without discouraging him, secure as he was in the knowledge that all the more intelligent and influential of his countrymen supported him. At various times during the next few years, however, when he was busily engaged on various projects—for example, on restoring and filling with priceless furniture and pictures a house which he had bought in Cheyne Walk, and on gathering together a collection of modern pictures for the Municipal Gallery of Johannesburg—he expressed his concern that the Dublin Corporation seemed to be making no serious attempt to build a Gallery of Modern Art. Numerous sites had been suggested from time to time by Lane or his friends, but in each case the Corporation had asserted that the cost of purchase was prohibitive. By the autumn of 1912 he was becoming impatient. In September he was staghunting in Devon, and from there he wrote to the Lord Mayor of Dublin reminding him that his promise had been only 'for the next few years,' and that already five of these had passed without any steps having been taken towards the fulfilment of the condition. The Lord Mayor's reaction was to call a series of conferences and public meetings, and it was finally decided that as the Corporation would be unable 'to provide all the necessary funds for the building of a gallery,' private citizens would be invited 'to come forward with substantial assistance to enable this unique collection to be kept here.'

It was soon after this that the idea that was to prove so disastrous came into being. Since no plot of ground was readily available as a site for the gallery, the suggestion was made—probably by Sir Edwin Lutyens, who came to Dublin on Lane's invitation—to erect it on a bridge after the manner of the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. Lutyens therefore produced his design for a bridge over

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the Liffey with two flanking galleries joined by a row of columns, the main practical advantage being that the site itself would have cost nothing. Lane, who thought that the carrying out of the plan would give 'a most beautiful and sensational ornament to Dublin,' publicly announced that if it were not adopted he would immediately withdraw his conditional gift. Lutyens had estimated that the total cost would be £45,000, and as the Corporation had already promised to vote £22,000, the remaining sum would have to be obtained by public subscription.

From March to September 1913 the Corporation discussed the subject at various meetings, but although it had previously appeared to be unanimous in its desire to build the gallery and thus obtain the Lane pictures, it now began to hesitate, partly, no doubt, because of an agitation that was suddenly begun by the less reputable section of the press. Lane and those who had subscribed thousands of pounds to give Dublin pictures by Corot, Manet, Degas, and Renoir were called 'self-seekers,' 'picture dealers,' 'log-rolling cranks and faddists,' while the Corporation was exhorted 'not to supply Sir Hugh Lane with a monument at the City's expense.' The opposition, which grew steadily throughout the spring and summer, was described by W. B. Yeats as being inspired by 'fear of culture,' and evoked from Lady Gregory (in a letter to Lane) the caustic remark that 'if we turned the Abbey into a music hall and you turned the Gallery into a picture palace all would go easily.' But it was on the question of Lutyens's nationality that the Corporation finally took the decision that was adverse to Lane. The fact that Lutyens, an Englishman, had had an Irish mother did not weigh with the more anglophobe of its members, and on September 8, 1913, it decided that 'the selection of the site and the nomination of the architect must be left to its own decision.' Lane, angry and miserable, carried out his threat promptly, removing from Harcourt Street the thirty-nine pictures by modern Continental artists.

A few weeks later, on October 11, 1913, he made a new will. He 'wrote and felt bitterly,' said Yeats, 'and yet when the feeling was at its height, while the Dublin slanders were sounding in his ears, he made a will leaving all he possessed, except the French pictures, to a Dublin Gallery. A few days after writing that Ireland had so completely disillusioned him that he could not even bear "to hear

of his early happy days in Galway" he had bequeathed to Dublin an incomparable treasure.' The French pictures (as Yeats usually referred to them, although some of the painters were not, in fact, French) were to go to the English National Gallery in the hope, to quote from the will, that 'this alteration from the Modern Gallery to the National Gallery will be remembered by the Dublin Municipality as an example of its want of public spirit in the year 1913, and for the folly of such bodies assuming to decide on questions of Art instead of relying on expert opinion.'

It is important to remember that the contents of the will were not disclosed to anyone until after Lane's death. Meanwhile he offered the thirty-nine pictures to the English National Gallery as a loan. The loan was accepted unconditionally, and at the end of 1913 Lane went to America on business. While there he made a statement to the editor of the American journal, *Art News*, which suggested that his anger at his treatment in Dublin was already beginning to evaporate. 'As to Sir Hugh Lane,' the editor wrote, 'he says the Municipal Art Gallery is now in temporary quarters in Harcourt Street, and he has been agitating to secure a permanent building, and hopes that when Home Rule comes he will get one.'

If, barely three months after he had made his new will, he was beginning to envisage circumstances in which his pictures might, after all, go to Ireland, the action of the trustees of the English National Gallery effectively disabused him of the notion that they were any more responsible or more courteous than the city fathers of Dublin. For, after accepting his loan unconditionally, they suddenly decided to show only fifteen of the pictures, and to exclude from exhibition such masterpieces as Renoir's 'Les Parapluies,' Monet's 'Vetheuil,' and Daumier's 'Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.' Moreover, they declined to hang any pictures at all unless Lane gave a definite pledge to present or bequeath them to England. He was justifiably furious, and after informing the trustees that they had 'no competence as experts in modern painting,' he bluntly refused to give any indication 'as to the ultimate destination of the pictures.'

It may be unreasonable to assume from this that he had already decided to change his will in favour of Dublin. But that his disillusionment at his treatment by his own country was of a merely

temporary nature was proved when, less than two weeks after his brush with the English National Gallery, he was offered, and accepted, the post of Director of the National Gallery of Ireland. This is not the place to discuss his work in Dublin, except to say that he was happy to have the chance to direct the affairs of a great Gallery, and as he was still engaged in business as a dealer he had ample opportunity to fill any gaps in the collection, which he did by presenting no fewer than twenty-one pictures during his lifetime and another forty-one by his will. It was clear that all his old arduous in the cause of Irish art were reviving, and thus when, in January 1915, he was invited to go to America to give evidence in a law-suit as an expert witness, almost his first thought was to write the now disputed codicil to his will. Briefly, the codicil revoked the bequest of the thirty-nine Continental pictures to the London National Gallery and bequeathed them to the City of Dublin 'providing that a suitable building is provided for them within five years of my death.' It was significant that even if the building were not forthcoming within the stipulated time, the pictures were not to be retained by the English National Gallery, but were to be sold and the proceeds applied to fulfilling the general purposes of his will. As has already been stated the codicil was signed, but, unfortunately, not witnessed.

It was found, a few days after his death, locked in his desk at the Dublin National Gallery, but as Lady Gregory, the trustee named in the codicil, immediately realized, it had no legal force whatsoever. The will of October 11, 1913, was, therefore, duly admitted to probate in September 1915. Less than a month after Lane's death, however, Lady Gregory published the terms of the codicil and claimed the Continental pictures for Ireland. On June 1, 1915, Lord Curzon, a trustee of the English National Gallery, wrote to her saying that he had discussed the matter with his colleagues, but that 'it would not be in their power to make any suggestions as to the action which might have to be taken . . . until they are fully informed as to the legal character of Sir Hugh Lane's testamentary dispositions.' At the time, of course, Lord Curzon could say little else. But in further correspondence he showed that the trustees were not disposed to give up their legal rights. It was not, however, until November 1916, following a unanimous resolution by the Corporation of Dublin—the first of many by Irish

institutions of all types—requesting ‘the Trustees of the National Gallery, London, to co-operate with them in taking steps to give effect to the last wishes of the late Sir Hugh Lane as expressed in the codicil to his will,’ that the question was seriously dealt with in the press. Lady Gregory had been indefatigably collecting evidence to show that the codicil truly represented Lane’s last wishes, and the publication of this evidence made a considerable impression. Lane’s sister, Mrs Shine, who pointed out that but for her persistence the will itself would never have been witnessed, so casual was her brother in such matters, made a statutory declaration that she had ‘no doubt whatever that he considered the codicil legal.’ G. W. Russell (Æ) said: ‘I met Sir Hugh Lane on the day previous to his departure from Dublin for his last journey to the United States. I asked Lane, “Are we to lose the pictures?” He replied: “Oh, Dublin will get the pictures all right. I made threats to frighten people here to get them to move.”’

Among others who made statutory declarations to similar effect were Lane’s cousin, A. W. West, whose testimony was the more convincing because of his assertion that he did not think Dublin deserved the pictures, and the then Mr Alec Martin, of Christie’s, who wanted them to come to London but who quite definitely remembered that Lane had told him that ‘Dublin should, after all, be the destination of the pictures.’ The only piece of contrary evidence came from Mr Aitken, the then Keeper of the Tate Gallery, who stated that in a conversation shortly after the date of the codicil Lane had told him that his final decision would depend on ‘the treatment he received from the authorities of London and Dublin respectively’. But this remark may have been intentionally vague, since it committed him to nothing if he lived, whereas the codicil would, so he thought, be operative in the event of his death.

From this time onwards Lady Gregory, with the help of Yeats, who wrote some remarkably cogent letters on the subject to *The Times*, the *Observer*, and other papers, carried on an untiring agitation for the return of Lane’s pictures to Ireland. Deputation after deputation interviewed various Chief Secretaries, most of whom expressed sympathy with the Irish point of view without feeling it incumbent on themselves to do anything further. It is true that one of them, Mr Ian MacPherson, who was ‘absolutely convinced that Hugh Lane intended that codicil to be carried out at

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the time he wrote it and at the time of his death,' went so far as to lay a draft Bill to validate it before the Cabinet in 1919. But Parliament, as Lady Gregory wrote when the Cabinet refused to act, 'has been occupied with many things . . . and Ireland is out of fashion.'

On the establishment of the Irish Free State resolutions were passed both in the Senate and in the Dail urging that the British Government be asked to introduce legislation enabling the pictures to be returned to Ireland. At last, in 1924, following a pointed question by Lord Carson, who, although no friend to the Free State, was convinced that it had a moral right to the pictures, the British Government set up a Committee to consider the whole question. Its terms of reference were as follows:

'To consider the arguments advanced by the Irish Free State and the Trustees of the National Gallery in London, and to report whether, in our opinion—

- (i) Sir Hugh Lane, when he signed the codicil of February 3, 1915, thought he was making a legal disposition.
- (ii) If so, whether it is proper that, in view of the international character of the matter at issue, the legal defect in the codicil should be remedied by legislation.'

The Committee duly found, what was scarcely surprising, that Lane, 'in signing the codicil of February 3, 1915, thought he was making a legal disposition.' It also advised the Government not to give legal effect to the codicil, mainly on the specious grounds that Lane, 'had he been spared to witness the new Gallery at Millbank . . . would have destroyed the codicil,' and that the modification of his will by Act of Parliament would be 'extraordinary and unprecedented.' Ignoring the highly debatable question of what Lane would have done had he lived—except to point out that he and Lord Duveen, the donor of the new gallery, were not exactly fast friends—and admitting that it is no light thing to amend a will by Act of Parliament, the fact remains that wills have been so amended when the public interest has seemed to demand it, as in the case of the will of the artist Turner, of Cecil Rhodes, Sir Francis Chantrey, and many others. As to the charge made by the Committee that the Corporation of Dublin 'had taken no practical steps to advance the fulfilment of Lane's desires,' it was surely unreasonable to

expect that body to build a gallery during the First World War or the Anglo-Irish struggle that followed it, still less before it knew that the pictures were going to be surrendered by England. Nevertheless, a gallery was eventually erected in the garden behind the magnificent Georgian mansion, Charlemont House, in Parnell Square. It was opened by Mr de Valera in 1933, since when a room has always been kept empty in anticipation of the return of the pictures.

Meanwhile the controversy has continued, intermittently, to occupy the attention of the press and Parliaments of both England and Ireland. On the publication of Lennox Robinson's extracts from Lady Gregory's *Journals* in 1946, a section of which dealt with Lane, the late Sir Desmond McCarthy, in a review in the *Sunday Times*, referred to the 'incredible meanness of the rich National Gallery of England,' and suggested that 'it would be a good psychological move on the part of a Labour Government to pass a short Bill legalizing Lane's codicil.' On various occasions since the Second World War the subject has been discussed in the British House of Commons. For example, in 1954, during the course of a debate on the National Gallery and Tate Gallery Bill, it was noteworthy that every Ulster member, whether Unionist, Nationalist, or Labour, endorsed the opinion of Mr Montgomery Hyde, the Unionist member for North Belfast, that 'here is an opportunity to put right a wrong which we feel to have been done in both the North and the South of Ireland.' There was support for this point of view from all sides of the House, notably from Viscount Hinchinbrooke, who, speaking as 'a reactionary back-bench Conservative'—his own expression—thought it 'fully time that those empty waiting rooms in Dublin were filled with the pictures that so rightly belong to them.' But the Government, secure in the knowledge that it could rely on an obedient majority, refused to budge from the position that all its predecessors had taken up; that is, to quote from Mr Glenvil Hall's speech on behalf of the Labour Government in 1948, that 'it would constitute a legal precedent of the utmost gravity to validate Sir Hugh Lane's codicil of 1915.'

Perhaps it would; but all the evidence which has been gathered since Lane's death forty-four years ago suggests that he made his will of 1913 in momentary anger at the behaviour of the Corpora-

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tion of Dublin, that his anger soon abated, and that as soon as he knew he was going on a dangerous journey, he took what he thought were adequate steps to give effect to his real desires. It is surely time that the British Government made up its mind to do one of two things—either to introduce a Bill making Lane's codicil effective or a Bill giving the pictures to Ireland as a simple gesture of goodwill. The Irish are not a mean people and, as Dr Thomas Bodkin has written, 'no one could doubt that the Irish Government would instantly reciprocate by arranging to introduce legislation providing that the pictures should spend, as and when desired, at least six months in any year in England.' Whether the Irish Government would, in fact, do this is beside the point, which is that its moral right to the pictures is ineluctable. And should any of us in this country imagine that the controversy about the Lane pictures has been factitiously blown up beyond its real importance, by those in the Republic of Ireland who wish to ensure the perpetuation of the bad blood between the two nations, let it be remembered that it is one, perhaps the only one, in which such men as Cosgrave and de Valera, and Carson and Craigavon, have seen eye to eye.

LIST OF THE CONDITIONAL GIFT OF CONTINENTAL PICTURES

1. Monet (Claude): 'Vetheuil: Sunshine and Snow.'
2. Renoir: 'Les Parapluies.'
3. Manet (Edouard): 'Le Concert aux Tuileries.'
4. — 'Portrait of Mademoiselle Eva Gonzales.'
5. Pissarro (C.): 'Printemps, vue de Louvecienne.'
6. Vuillard (E.): 'The Mantelpiece.'
7. Boudin (E.): 'Le Rivage, entrée de Tourgeville.'
8. Degas: 'La Plage.'
9. Morisot (B.): 'Jour d'Eté.'
10. Ingres: 'Duc d'Orléans.'
11. Forain: 'In the Law Courts.'
12. Mancini (Antonio): 'Portrait of Marquis Del Grille.'
13. — 'En Voyage.'
14. — 'Aurelia.'
15. — 'La Douane.'
16. Brown (J. L.): 'The Mountebank.'
17. Madrazo (R.): 'Portrait Study of a Woman.'

18. Daubigny (C. H.): 'Portrait of Honoré Daumier.'
19. Barye (A. L.): 'Forest at Fontainebleau.'
20. Corot (J. B. C.): 'Avignon, Ancient Palace of the Popes.'
21. — 'Landscape, A Summer Morning.'
22. Fromentin (E.): 'The Slave.'
23. Courbet (G.) 'The Snow Storm.'
24. — 'The Pool.'
25. — 'In the Forest.'
26. Diaz (N.): 'The Offspring of Love.'
27. Jerome (J. L.): 'Portrait of a Naval Officer.'
28. Fantin-Latour (J. H. J.): 'Still Life.'
29. Ronvin (F.): 'Still Life.'
30. Rousseau (Theodore): 'Moonlight.'
31. Chavannes (Puvis de): 'The Toilet.'
32. — 'Decollation de St Jean Baptiste.'
33. Monticelli (A.): 'The Hayfield.'
34. Daumier (H.): 'Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.'
35. Maris (James): 'Feeding the Bird.'
36. Stevens (Alfred): 'The Present.'
37. Corot (J. B. C.): 'An Italian Peasant Woman.'
38. Yongkind (J. B.): 'Skating in Holland.'
39. Courbet (G.): 'The Artist.'

ROBERT WOODALL

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OUR EMPIRE IN RETROSPECT¹

SEVEN of the eight volumes of *The Cambridge History of the British Empire* were published between 1929 and 1940; the present appearance of Volume III completes this massive work, as planned by the editors. To comprehend the significance of the whole *magnum opus* it will be well to quote the enlightening remarks which prefaced the first volume, *The Old Empire from the Beginnings to 1783*.

Out of the ambitions of that adventurous age [the Tudor period], when men dreamed great dreams for England and set out to realize them, grew the maritime State which, shaped amid the successive conflicts of modern history, has developed in the twentieth century into the British Commonwealth of Nations. A long story of colonization and imperial policy, of the rise and growth of new nations and the assumption of vast responsibilities, a story varied in its scene, but finding its unity in the activities of a maritime and commercial people, runs through the intervening centuries.

The first three volumes of the *History* relate the general history of British overseas expansion and imperial policy, while the rest deal with the principal Commonwealth countries. The present volume covers the period 1868-70 and 1919-21. Since international relations and colonial policy were closely connected in the last year of the nineteenth century, this volume is almost a history of British foreign policy during the period, as well as a history of the Empire.

The modern history of the British Empire may be said to have begun from Waterloo. Then, as the years passed, during Queen Victoria's reign, the sovereign became more and more 'the personal embodiment of imperial unity.' In his Introduction to the present book Sir Charles Lucas observes:

If anything absolutely new can be traced to the possession of our Empire, it must be traced to the most original feature in it, the progressive development of dependencies into independent partner nations which have nevertheless remained by the mother country's side and under the same sovereign.

¹ *The Cambridge History of the British Empire*, edited by E. A. Benians, Sir James Butler, and C. E. Carrington. Vol. III: *The Empire-Commonwealth 1870-1919* (Cambridge University Press, £5).

It is illuminating to compare to-day's retrospective view of Empire and Imperialism with the views of former times on these subjects. Sir John Seeley, for instance, in his lectures on *The Expansion of England*, published in 1883, maintained that

the word Empire seems too military and despotic to suit the relation of a mother-country to colonies. . . . Great Britain is a real enlargement of the English State; it carries across the seas not merely the English race, but the authority of the English Government. We call it for want of a better word an Empire. . . . The English Empire is on the whole free from that weakness of being a mere mechanical forced union of alien nationalities. . . . Though there is little that is glorious in most of the great Empires mentioned in history, since they have usually been created by force and have remained at a low level of political life, we observe that Greater Britain is not in the ordinary sense an Empire at all.

A mere normal extension of the English race into other lands, he concluded, 'creates not properly an Empire, but only a very large state.'

Edmund Burke, it will be remembered, declared that 'a great empire and little minds go ill together'; Lord Rosebery once referred to 'the greater pride in Empire which is called Imperialism. . . . Sane Imperialism, as distinguished from what I may call wild-cat Imperialism, is nothing but this—a larger patriotism'; in 1901, in his poem 'The Lesson,' Kipling prophesied that as we had had an Imperial lesson 'it may make us an Empire yet!' Then in 1904 we have Joseph Chamberlain's observations: 'Learn to think Imperially'; 'The day of small nations has long passed away. The day of Empires has come.'

It is well to have these past deliberations on Empire and Imperialism in mind before reading the latest scholarly approaches to the same subjects, which form the main theme of the present work. For they are here viewed from a different, and perhaps a more comprehensive, angle.

The first chapter, 'The Empire in the New Age, 1870-1919,' touches on British colonies in North America, Australasia, and Cape Colony. 'These colonies were now so sharply differentiated from the other overseas dominions of the Queen that the colonial empire was fast assuming that dual character which was afterwards to find expression in the term Empire Commonwealth.' Modern India was becoming more conspicuous with great cities, westernized

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industries, and economic organization. 'A united India was being shaped for a new place in the world.'

Amid a changing world, 'more militant, competitive, and perhaps aggressive,' in which British colonies would be a strength and not a weakness, our country's policy of promoting the national growth of these colonies, 'by encouraging the union of contiguous areas into larger entities, capable of organized existence and national life, and ceding to them the powers they required for this, there came into existence a Commonwealth of Nations.'¹ The result was that 'an immense change took place in the character and extent of the dependent Empire for which the mother country was responsible.' In 1870-71 two occurrences were to affect international relations: the unity of Italy and the founding of the German Empire.

Throughout this volume the two figures whose personalities seem to permeate, intermittently, the political arena are the sagacious Lord Salisbury and the far-seeing Joseph Chamberlain. As Colonial Secretary, Chamberlain disapproved of the exploitation of weaker races; British rule must 'bring western science and western moral and cultural ideas to aid and improve the simpler societies.' As for creating dominions, the writer of this chapter states that 'a Dominion was a new nation and a free state, freely associated with other members of the Commonwealth.' The development of the Empire was greatly influenced by the course of international affairs. It had effected 'a larger degree of tolerance and self-government than any other Power had done. If it had now a purpose, that purpose was to enable states to live together in peace and co-operation.'

By the 'eighties the colonial situation was unsatisfactory, as we read in Chapter II, 'Imperial Questions in British Politics.' *The Quarterly Review* admitted that for the last seventeen years 'one administration after another has been content to swim with the stream,' and it believed that we have at last woken up to the slenderness of our ties with the colonies and the difficulty of strengthening them.² Separatist sentiment reproduced itself in the

¹ Early users of this phrase were Burke: 'The writers on public law have often called this aggregate of [European] nations a commonwealth' (1796), and Macaulay: 'Any German or Italian principality... was a more important member of the commonwealth of nations' (1848).

² *The Quarterly Review*, vol. 128, January 1870, pp. 135-36. The contributor was one Martineau.

colonies themselves, and when Sir Alexander Galt, the son of the novelist, visited London from Canada in 1887 he was bitterly disappointed with the feeling he found there about the colonies. 'I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that they want to get rid of us.' Froude attacked the Government for being separatists at heart, while Disraeli, advocating the getting 'possession of the strong places of the world,' affirmed that a Minister's duty was to further our colonial Empire, a view that had the Queen's full support. Meanwhile, there were controversial articles on Imperialism by politicians in the Reviews. Gladstone eyed askance those who cajoled or drove the country into 'Imperialism,' and it was then that this new word came rapidly into use. Lord Carnarvon spoke of the duty set by Imperialism to promote self-government in the Anglo-Saxon colonies, and to help races 'struggling to emerge into civilization.'

Chapter III, 'The Opening of Tropical Africa,' has much to say about Livingstone, Stanley, and Joseph Thomson. Chapter IV, 'International Rivalry in the Colonial Sphere,' outlines the period when the European Powers sought security against complicated modern warfare and adjustments to complicated systems of alliances and counter-alliances. There are Bismarck and Gladstone in relation to the Egyptian question and the first outburst of German colonial expansion, about which Chamberlain confessed: 'I am not afraid of German colonization, but I don't like to be checked by Bismarck or anyone else.'

'The struggle between the Gladstonian upholders of the mid-Victorian anti-expansionist tradition and leaders of the Forward and expansionist movement is the great part of the story of imperial problems in British politics between 1880 and 1895.' That is the theme of chapter V, which considers the new Radicals, Labouchere and Bradlaugh, and cites Lytton's argument that 'India, the most precious jewel in the imperial crown, was worth more than the few pieces of silver the occupation cost.' Imperialism, too, was being increasingly advocated by the press, historians, and philosophers.

Chapter VI, on 'Imperial Finance, Trade, etc.,' reminds us how transport became quicker and cheaper owing to greater use of the Suez Canal. As yet all the great public figures defended Free Trade. 'They would no longer say,' as John Bright said in 1879, 'that the protective system was "the last refuge of cowardice, idleness, and greed."' A great deal of chapter VII, 'Imperial Defence,' is devoted

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to the first Colonial Conference in London in 1887. What was our defence position then?

Unlike the Army, the Navy had not fought a real fleet action against a first-class naval power since the Basque Roads of 1809. . . . The Army had had continuous fighting experience unequalled by that of any contemporary army. . . . Modern technical devices were delayed through lack of men capable of being trained to handle them.

Whereas chapter VIII, 'International Rivalry,' brings out British distrust of Germany, chapter IX, 'The British Empire and the United States,' introduces the tension between America, Canada, and Britain, leading to America's sudden resentment in the middle 'nineties against the entire British Empire.

With its intriguing title, 'Changing Attitudes and Widening Responsibilities,' chapter X brings us to the imperialist temper as it was at the end of the Queen's reign; to Chamberlain's Tariff Reform movement, which, as successive elections were to show, failed to convince his countrymen; and Chamberlain's dreams of imperial consolidation—"the Empire was not Chamberlain's invention: liberal enterprise had done much to create it"—which faded. In most Radical Imperialists, including Kipling, there was a deep sense of responsibility. There were the Socialists, whose creed 'owed as much to John Wesley and Robert Burns as to Karl Marx.' In fine, the new pattern of Empire 'emerged not from zeal for order and centralization, but gradually from that "better understanding and closer sympathy" with Dominion nationalism which Chamberlain came to urge "as the highest object of statesmanship in the new century" in a speech which proved his political farewell.' The next chapter, discussing the development of the Imperial Conferences of 1887-1914, recalls the disagreement between Chamberlain and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, on imperial relationship, Laurier wanting an independent Canada. Chamberlain's hope of a real Council of the Empire was not realized. In the resolution of 1907 the use of the term Dominion caused much discussion. 'Mr Churchill on one occasion suggested "H.M. Dominions overseas."'

During the Chamberlain era, which figures in chapter XII, 'Imperial Finance, Trade and Communications, 1895-1914,' the British Empire experienced its most creative phase. Improved communications transformed its economic pattern while advance in medical,

chemical, and entomological science abolished some of its worst physical blemishes. But what was to prove of more far-reaching importance, a benefaction the eventual value of which could not have been foreseen, wireless telegraphy began to revolutionize inter-imperial systems of communication.

The British Government favoured an imperial net-work, partly for commercial reasons, partly for strategic. Wireless stations, which could be put in protected places, were as useful to the Admiralty as to the Stock Exchange. . . . By the time of the outbreak of war in 1914, wireless supplemented cable in a chain of stations that embraced the Empire.

British and Empire tonnage was then carrying half the total volume of world sea-borne trade. 'Germany stood in second place with about a quarter of the total British steam tonnage, but two and a half times that of any other country apart from the United States.' The emigration surge began with 1907, when United Kingdom emigration reached 235,000, of whom 218,000 went to America and Canada. The movement attained its peak between 1910 and 1913 when 1,217,710 British subjects left this country for one or other of the Dominions or colonies, an average of approximately 394,000 a year.

It will be seen from the emphasis thus given to what may be termed the mechanics of Imperialism how amazingly slow was the adoption of obvious remedies. The Navy had been described as 'a menagerie of unruly and curiously assorted ships,' and its essential coaling-stations were ill-defended or not defended at all; the Army was chronically short of recruits. But an Empire-Commonwealth is not an easy organization to run; it has its difficulties, successes, failures. As the survey draws nearer to the First World War, therefore, there are uncertainties as well as unpreparedness for such an eventuality. Leading on to that event, chapter XIII, 'British Foreign Policy, etc., 1895-1904,' reveals Salisbury's shrewd attitude to the precarious situation: his increased distrust of Germany; 'his long-standing lack of faith in Turkey's ability to reform herself; his indignation at Turkish incompetence; and his concern for British interests and the pressure of British public opinion,' all of which resulted in Germany's intense distrust of *him*. Nevertheless, during the South African War (1900) Britain 'could still hold her own

against German pressure,' and the idea of an alliance with Germany was abandoned. Some ten years before 1914

Germany knew that France would be supported by Russia, her ally, and by Great Britain and Spain. 'The coalition is here in fact!' wrote the Kaiser in November 1905; 'King Edward has managed in good shape', and in December he added: 'England has, in effect, made an offer of armed support to France.'

Chapter XV, 'Imperial Defence, 1897-1914,' reminds us that public discussion in Germany in 1899 of an invasion of Britain 'as a strategical possibility' resulted in popular demands in this country for creating an east coast naval base in addition to Chatham. By 1902 sanction was given for developing such a base at Rosyth, though no construction work was done there until 1905. The rest of the chapter is concerned with Lord Roberts's persistent advocacy of conscription; Admiral Sir John Fisher's great programme of naval reforms begun in 1904; and Lord Haldane's creation of the new Territorial Force for home defence which attracted even more public attention than his revolutionary remodelling of the Regular Army.

Chapter XVI, 'The Empire at War, 1914-1918,' deals with the preparations for the conflict, the Turkish war, colonial campaigns in Africa, the Western Front, war policy and organization, conscription—a contentious issue in the Dominions—the last campaigns, the destruction of the Turkish empire, and a summary of the British war effort. Not least remarkable was

the changed character of the British-Indian Empire. . . . Not only in Ireland but also in India did doubts arise about the purity of British war aims. If it was a war for the rights of oppressed nationalities, had not Irishmen and Indians a claim to register? . . . The reaction of Asia against Western domination was now a flowing tide.

Chapters XVII and XVIII deal respectively with 'The Empire and the Peace Treaties, 1918-1921' and 'International Law, 1870-1914.' The former cites, in connection with the League of Nations, Smuts's expression of 'the leading ideas upon the relations between peoples which the development of the British Empire had brought to light'; the latter includes the principle of Sovereignty and Popular Consent, discussion of International Tribunals, and accounts of the Hague Conference of 1899 and the Hague Convention of 1907.

One of the most penetrating contributions is that by R. B. Pugh,

which forms the last chapter, XIX, on 'The Colonial Office.' The summaries of Secretaries, Under-Secretaries, and others, mention specially Sir James Stephen as a conspicuous figure. He was thought to be 'one of the largest intellects of his day and generation.' In the period between Sir Robert Herbert's appointment as Permanent Under-Secretary in 1871 and the creation of a Dominions Department in 1907, 'ministerial ability reached its highest level. . . . Chamberlain's career dispelled for a time the belief that the Office was unimportant and, when he went, Balfour was at pains to find a qualified successor. . . . Probably no other Colonial Secretary has been quite such an autocrat.' Not the least attractive passages relate to the Library, the collection of books having been augmented in 1873,

when the old Board of Trade library was shared out. By 1888 the library, to which public access was allowed, was reckoned to have reached a point of high efficiency. . . . The files created between 1873 and 1900 were estimated to weigh forty tons, and by 1905 a special branch had been created to weed them.

Other topics are the buildings, public relations, Crown Colonies Division, Appointments Branch, and personalities of recent times.

Furnished with a copious bibliography of 136 pages, and an index of nearly 40 pages, this belated volume, which as a whole conveys such a remarkable panorama of Empire history, well-planned and comprehensive, is of special interest to-day, for the general reader has seen the development of the great Dominions, the establishment of a Republic in Eire and India, and the emergence of native African States which have achieved independent status within the Commonwealth. An elderly reader, having lived through two great wars, will understand the sequel to the events described in these pages. Sir James Butler and Professor C. E. Carrington, the surviving editors, and not least the Cambridge University Press, are to be congratulated on producing a work of decidedly permanent value.

W. M. PARKER

ROBERT MOFFAT: PIONEER IN RHODESIA

ON Christmas Eve 1859 a party of young men and women newly out from Britain were encamped in the heavy heat of a Rhodesian day in a valley some forty miles to the north of Bulawayo in the area of Inyati. There Mzilikazi, the Matabele monarch, had a royal kraal, and there his friend Robert Moffat had come with the party of newcomer missionaries to seek a permanent settlement on the uplands of Matabeleland and to drive the stakes of the white man northwards on the African continent. Robert Moffat was sixty-four and in his fortieth year of southern African pioneering. Still erect and massive, the magnificent eight-inch black beard which had so impressed Mzilikazi in 1829 was now grey and short, but the bony good looks which his descendants in Rhodesia to-day inherit were there, and so was that indefinable Moffat atmosphere which subtly prised open the doors for the white man in Southern Rhodesia. Cecil Rhodes may be accounted the maker of Rhodesia, but Robert Moffat was the preparer of the way for the white man, for he alone then held the confidence of the all-powerful Matabele and their chief upon whose goodwill everything depended. The first white concession in Southern Rhodesia at Christmas 1859 was entirely a personal triumph for Moffat.

The party with Moffat consisted of his son John Smith Moffat, and Emily his bright-eyed bride from Brighton, both in their twenties; William Sykes, a widower of thirty from Mirfield in Yorkshire; Morgan Thomas, thirty-one, from Bridgend in South Wales, and Anne his bride of nineteen. It was Moffat's duty to introduce this group to the Matabele, to gain from Mzilikazi a promise of his protection and generally to establish a mission in this farthest north of southern Africa where only a few hunters and traders had yet penetrated. For Moffat it was the culmination of a thirty years' siege of the Matabele conducted with the endless patience which characterized all his life in Africa, a vast endowment of penetrating perseverance which made him such an ideal pioneer in the days when the pace of life in southern Africa was the ox-wagon's crawl and so much depended on the whims and temperaments of the great African chiefs.

Moffat needed all that endowment on this occasion. For five months the party had been on its way from Kuruman in Bechuana-land—then the farthest northward white settlement in southern Africa—which Moffat had established in the 1820's. The wagons lurched along making about 10 miles a day on the 700 miles' trek through the wild country of the Bechuana chiefs bordering the Kalahari Desert. Emily Moffat christened her wagon the 'Pavilion' with memories of Brighton, and through the dry and waterless land she kept her diary, which in *Matabele Mission*, edited by J. P. R. Wallis, captures so memorably the life of the wagon wayfarer. Her father-in-law had been up and down this track twice before in his visits to Mzilikazi, and the news of his advent sent a thrill of expectation through Matabeleland, for the 'great Moshete' had already become a legend with both the monarch and his people. But lung sickness amongst the oxen in September threatened disaster to the expedition, and a message was sent to Mzilikazi warning him of the peril of introducing the epidemic to his own cattle and asking for fresh oxen. Mzilikazi acted with high drama and dispatched 160 men to the frontier to pull the wagons home. For eighteen days from October 10 to 28, 1859, this posse of warriors hauled the Moffat wagons towards their impatient master, and when their speed was too slow he sent forty ill-disciplined oxen to aid them. Through the western outflanks of the Matopos country, near the modern Bulawayo, Robert Moffat guided the strange caravan of warriors and wagons with his own wagon stocked with their shields and spears. He reported to his wife Mary:

Away we went, the men occupying the place of the oxen, taking hold of the yokes, along a track scarcely visible occasionally, breaking forth with the harsh tones of the war song. When the wagon came to a dead halt by the wheel getting into a hole or against a stump or stone, they instantly joined in something like a 'strong pull and a long pull and a pull altogether' and out it came.

As October 1859 drew to a close in thunder, clouds, and rain, the cavalcade bumped out of the thicket country into the broader uplands beyond Bulawayo making for the upper waters of the Bembesi River, where, just north of its tributary the Inkwekwesi, Mzilikazi was established. Beer and beef descended in liberal volume on the visitors from the king, whom Moffat found arrayed in the outfit he had provided for him two years before—a duffel

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coat, railway rug, and highland bonnet. He said he was pleased to see the newcomers, but, with the wayward artfulness which Moffat knew so well, he soon turned to the supplies in the wagons—rice, coffee, sugar, cloth—and to the brand new wagon Moffat had brought up for him. Moffat grumbled at all this chaffering and bargaining but was able to drive a shrewd deal for his son in a coffee-pot and a tin jug for two cows and a calf.

Every day Moffat talked with the king, either standing straight as a poker in his presence or sitting with him on the forechest of his wagon, about a permanent home for the newcomers, gently suggesting that unless they had gardens to cultivate they would starve, producing seed potatoes and cuttings from his own vine at Kuruman to show what he meant. He persevered with his personal attentions to Mzilikazi, especially in phlebotomy, which the king enjoyed:

I went in to be phlebotomist to his majesty. He looked quite bright at the prospect of losing blood. I opened a vein in his fat arm, which flowed freely, and took from him three times the quantity I should have done in any common, or even extreme, case. I insisted in vain to stop the bleeding. I told him what would be the consequences; and at last had to take my own way by threatening that I should not bleed him again. He submitted reluctantly, while looking at the mass of blood one would think enough to frighten him... he is quite delighted with the good bleeding has done him. (Moffat's *Matabele Journal*, vol. 2, p. 213.)

But the month of waiting on the south bank of the Inkwekwesi was sore trial to the commissariat and tempers of the newcomers. In their tents of double thickness, and in the heat of the wagons, patience wore thin. Obviously the king was hesitating about the mission-concession, and was torn between his promise to Moffat and the news which reached him from the south that the coming of the missionaries would only mean the advent of the Boers, which stirred in Mzilikazi's mind memories of his defeat in the Transvaal twenty years before. To escape from the Boers he had made his kingdom north of the Limpopo, and was in no mood to repeat any dealings with the old enemy. All through this weary month Moffat's patience never cracked and even Emily enthused on the loveliness of the site:

The foliage is now rich and luxuriant, the grasses are beautiful... we stroll by the river every evening, and the sunset scenes in these

tropical skies are of rare loveliness—and then their reflection in the clear murmuring waters! Oh, it is a sweet spot! Our moonlight nights too have been bright, *bright*. I long for one and another to join with us at such times and drink in our pleasure. (*Matabele Mission*, p. 81.)

Mzilikazi tantalized the company awaiting his pleasure. He sent them beans, beer, cooked beef, two goats, two oxen—a reminder to Moffat that patience might win an entry to his kingdom:

I confess (he wrote on December 14, 1859) I was not prepared for the disappointment I have felt in the attempt to plant a mission among the Matabele, though I always stated, both in public and private, that the undertaking was an arduous one and would call for strong faith and unflinching perseverance. Perhaps I have been trusting too much to my personal influence which has proved to be a broken reed. (*Journal*, vol. 2, p. 243.)

The next ten days were decisive for Southern Rhodesia. Between the gusts of displeasure and suspicion Mzilikazi's mind was finally made up to invite the visitors across the river and give them land to live on. The news came on Friday, December 16, but not until the next day were the five wagons, using two span of oxen, all across the Inkwekwesi, and on December 22 arrived at the royal kraal at Inyati. On December 23 the men of the party were invited to make a reconnaissance to a valley a mile from the kraal which Mzilikazi was prepared to give them. They returned with beaming faces, and in the cool of the late afternoon took Emily Moffat and Anne Thomas to see their spacious Christmas present:

A very fine valley (wrote Moffat) lying east and west . . . we came to a source or fountain in the centre of a wide open valley, which increased as we proceeded towards the bottom where it became a considerable stream which, running about three-quarters of a mile further, falls into the Inkwekwesi River. The valley itself is entirely free of trees and containing arable ground of different kinds, from the black mould to the red alluvial to almost any extent . . . The situation was everything that we could desire, and far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. The ground and purity of the water was everything to be wished for . . . the region lying high and more open than in most parts has been found to be healthy. (*Journal*, Vol. 2, p. 254.)

Such was the first concession of black to white in Southern Rhodesia, the forerunner of a series of grants that gradually opened a sealed land to hunters, traders, explorers, prospectors,

and eventually to the new rulers who emerged under the mighty impetus of Cecil Rhodes. On the grass in the Inyati valley to-day the rough outlines of the foundations of the first cottages the pioneers built are being preserved as national monuments. The man who watched over their building lies in London's South Norwood cemetery.

Robert Moffat was a Scot hailing, as did his famous son-in-law David Livingstone, from the 'order of the godly poor.' Born in 1795 at Ormiston in East Lothian, of a ploughman father and a gardener's daughter, Moffat grew up on the shores of the Firth of Forth, where at Inverkeithing his father later secured a post in the customs service. The boy was apprenticed to gardening, and for a year was in the service of the Legh family at High Legh in Cheshire. There his already piously prepared spirit caught the current fervour for foreign missions, and under the vigorous persuasion of a Congregational divine, William Roby of Manchester, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society then in the second wave of its enthusiastic scattering of artisan missionaries to the remoter parts of the world to convert the heathen and at the same time to teach them the practices of the useful arts. On January 13, 1817, a youth of twenty-two, most comely in his neat suit, cravat, dark hair, brown eyes, and six feet tall, Robert Moffat landed at Cape Town, and for the next fifty years remained faithful to Africa, casting his own shadow over an immense area of it, and leaving behind him a progeny of Moffats who stand amongst the makers of modern Central Africa. In December 1819 he married, at Cape Town, Mary Smith of Dukinfield.

With a meagre education, and no training at all for his vocation, Moffat carved out in the wastes of Bechuanaland, now in the far north of Cape Province, a settlement at Kuruman which became the base of the nineteenth-century expansion of civilization and Christianity in south-central Africa. His gardener's eye prospected for a valley with water, and his handiwork fashioned a civilized pleasaunce in the bleak wilderness. From Kuruman, Livingstone (who married Moffat's eldest daughter in 1845) planned his flying leaps into Bechuanaland and later into Central Africa, and the more plodding Moffat prepared his evangelistic journeys amongst the Bechuana people and the Matabele. It was at Kuruman that he mastered the Sechuana language, and provided some of the first

printed literature in that language, and over a period of thirty years translated the whole Bible into it.

Even to-day with many of its buildings in decay, and the modern town of Kuruman encroaching on its lands, the Moffat mission still carries its air of 'farthest north.' The church has been splendidly restored to the original spaciousness that Moffat and his colleague Robert Hamilton designed and for which they dragged the immense timber beams over 200 miles across the veld. Every year some 2,000 Bechuana people crowd into it, and camp round it for the annual meetings of the scattered churches of which Moffat was the chief apostle.

From Kuruman in 1829 Moffat made the first of his historic journeys to visit the Matabele chief Mzilikazi, then living in the region of Pretoria. He was with him for eight days, the longest period of intimate contact with the Matabele that any white man had had up to then. He noted the horned cattle, the immense kraals for 3,000 cattle, the dome-shaped houses high enough for him to stand upright in but with entrances so low that he had to crawl in on his belly. Mzilikazi was immediately struck by the handsome presence and manly personality of Moffat, called him his father, called him 'Moshete,' and wanted him to stay with him. Moffat too admitted the appeal of the chief—'his voice is soft and feminine, and cheerfulness predominates in him. He does not appear to be passionate . . . were he so, many would be destroyed in the ebullitions of his anger. Indeed he might be taken for anything but a tyrant from his appearance.' He deplored his heathenism, warned him of the dire consequences of his fighting policy, and bewailed his unreceptiveness of the Christian message. Moffat came again in 1835, and then after Mzilikazi's defeat by the Boers and his retreat into Southern Rhodesia, he made three long journeys to see him in 1854, 1857, and 1859. One of the strong traditions amongst the Matabele in Southern Rhodesia to-day is the belief that it was Moffat who advised their great ancestor to move his people north of the Limpopo.

The relationships between the two men form one of the most fascinating historical and psychological problems in the history of Africa. Moffat, of course, was concerned primarily with winning Mzilikazi's soul and the conversion of his people, and was undoubtedly dumbfounded at the extravagant affection that Mzilikazi

showed him. 'On reviewing the past,' he wrote, 'nothing surprises me more than the unwavering kindness of Mzilikazi . . . and his munificence is no less surprising. I went expecting nothing, and he has sent me away full.' His wife wrote to a friend in England, 'there is something very remarkable in the uncommonly strong attachment of the poor savage Mzilikazi to my husband, an attachment which has lasted for twenty-three years, and we cannot help thinking that this circumstance is to be over-ruled for some great object.' Between 1829 and 1857 the two men, who were the same age, spent 196 days in close daily contact, and in 1854 they lived together in Moffat's wagon for 54 days as they wandered through the south-western areas of Southern Rhodesia in a safari which was a strange amalgam of monarch's progress and evangelistic campaign. In addition there was the period from October 1859 to June 1860 when Moffat was helping the white settlement in Southern Rhodesia to get on its feet, when his contacts were less intimate. The chief's manœuvres to keep close to Moffat took some puzzling turns such as lying on Moffat's bed, sleeping in the open near the wagon, handling Moffat's possessions, loading him with presents, enjoying Moffat rubbing his feet and bleeding him, stroking Moffat's beard and almost kissing him. All these innocent expressions of his happiness in Moffat's presence, his obvious delight in his guest and his ruses to keep him as long as he could puzzled the dour Scot whose own brands of exhibitionism were much more restrained. Although to him Mzilikazi was a heathen tyrant it is mainly due to Moffat's recording of their contacts that an entirely new view of the Matabele chief emerges. Moffat records his compassion, his pity, his humanity, his pastoral concern for Moffat and his family, and his astonishing generosity and kindness. Under Moffat's influence some of the cruel punishments of the Matabele were modified, the death penalty less frequently resorted to, and prisoners released. Through Moffat the chief learned the facts about the white man's world from a disinterested, plain-speaking person who visited him for his own sake, and not for ivory and trade like other white men. The lonely chief who lived in a world of flattering speeches, and had no confidants, found an honest man in Robert Moffat and was always anxious to keep open the road to Kuruman and his friendship. Although Moffat despised and pitied him, he got a lot of secret enjoyment out of

Mzilikazi's intimate attentions, especially during the processions, the safaris and the feasts, and it pleased his simple vanity to think that 'my name and Kuruman are among the Matabele like household words.' It is not too much to claim—making allowances for their sharply different characteristics and backgrounds—that the two men enjoyed one another. Mzilikazi showed it by his unaffected displays of pleasure at the presence of his friend, and Moffat by his naturally reserved responses in present giving, medical attentions, patience in dealing with Mzilikazi's variable temperaments, and the secret glow of personal triumph which the public receptions provided.

All this was part of the preparatory work which Robert Moffat almost unconsciously did in the opening up of the Rhodesias, and for which he is only now being given credit. In between 1854 and 1859 the kingdom of Mzilikazi was free of access to Moffat and to no one else. His word and recommendation to a trader or hunter opened the door into the good graces of the Matabele, and the trickle of independent travellers who penetrated beyond the Limpopo via Kuruman depended on his imprimatur. But his vital contribution to Southern Rhodesia began long before that, as early as 1837 when the pressures of the Great Trek of the Boers from Cape Colony began to be felt on the confines of the north-west frontier.

In that year Mzilikazi and his Matabele were driven from the Transvaal by the triumphant farmers, and although Moffat at Kuruman was far removed from their threats he was aware that their zeal to dominate the native tribes along the tracks which led to the north could easily cut him off from access to the Matabele. In 1847 Hendrik Potgeiter, the Boer commando leader, led his flying horsemen to within twenty miles of Bulawayo to show what could be done with a few resolute men with guns and courage against the spear-armed Matabele. It was this road to the north that Moffat, and later Livingstone, kept open by constant use and visits to the chiefs along the eastern border of the Kalahari, now in the Bechuanaland Protectorate. Chief Sechele of the Bakwena was one of their favourites, and Livingstone established himself in his territory at Kolobeng in the very eye of the Boer advance as a sort of branch of the Kuruman mission. He maintained a regular correspondence with Moffat, which has recently been edited and

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published by Professor I. Schapera, and in the letters the two men are in complete accord about their northward policy and the need to keep the road open. The Boers accused them of gun-running and of arming the tribes, and declared that they wrecked Livingstone's house at Kolobeng in 1852 because it was a regular arsenal. It is true that the two men laid themselves open to this charge by their willingness to mend guns and present an occasional rifle to a chief, but when in 1859 Moffat was formally accused by the Transvaal Government of driving a powder wagon from the Cape to Kuruman he was easily able to refute the charge.

What concerned him most was that wherever the Boers went in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal their doctrine of racial superiority, with its system of apprenticeship for native children—which amounted to slavery—was also established. Individual farmers might be kind to the natives whose lands they occupied, but the driving power of the Great Trek—no equality in State or Church—rendered the tribesmen helpless in face of the Boers unless there was a competent British overlordship. The withdrawal of this overlordship by the Sand River and Bloemfontein Conventions of 1852 and 1853 drew sharp protests from Moffat and his colleagues. He rode across the veld to Bloemfontein to beard the British delegate, Sir George Clerk, personally, only to be rebuffed as a harmful do-gooder who, in the Boer view, would only undermine authority. The presence of 'Moffat and Co.' on their western flank was a constant irritant to the Transvaal Boers; and when in 1858 it was known that he was preparing to lead the pioneer party into Matabeleland the Boers formally indicated that he must first ask their permission to go, without which he would move at his own peril. Moffat acted swiftly with a note to Sir George Grey at the Cape, who immediately warned the Boers that Moffat had British protection and must not be interfered with. They climbed down and also abandoned their intention to attack Kuruman and dispose once and for all of this liberal British humanitarian citadel that guarded the approaches to the north.

Moffat's ascendancy for fifty years in south-central Africa was achieved by a combination of gifts. He was often over-sanguine, but was never crushed when his optimism was unfulfilled, particularly in dealing with native peoples. Unlike his more adventurous son-in-law, who took all Central Africa within his

compass, Moffat was content with a more restricted area, and to deal with it at the ox-wagon's pace and with patience as his motto. He had immense physical endurance, and his translation of the Bible, which meant learning Hebrew and Greek as well as Sechuana without a tutor and far removed from libraries and advice, shows that his mental equipment was first class. His theology was of the tough order which Christian pioneers of his time found so fundamental and so convicting. Millions of the heathen were perishing and were in danger of hell fire and everlasting punishment. It was his duty to help save them, and bring them into the company of the saved, which meant giving up their evil habits and taking on some of the fashions—physical and spiritual—of the white men who knew so much better than anyone else what was good for human living. This authoritarian doctrine made Moffat opinionated, assured, and not a little vain about his own worth and position. But whenever there was a call of duty which demanded a long drawn act of courage and faith, Robert Moffat was there to answer it. 'Think of Moffat running away from a difficulty,' wrote Livingstone to his friend Henry Waller in 1863, 'a lion from a turkey cock, no! no!' General Smuts' tribute, inscribed on the monument in the village of Ormiston, was, 'Among missionaries there was none greater, none holier than he.'

Moffat left southern Africa in 1870 and died at Leigh in Kent in 1883. Five years later his son John Smith Moffat signed the Moffat Treaty with Mzilikazi's son Lobengula, and thus completed the work of their respective fathers in opening Southern Rhodesia to white settlement. Like all Moffat's family (except the daughters Ann Fredoux and Helen Vavasseur), John Smith Moffat lived in Africa, and through his children there emerged the formidable Moffat dynasty which continues to play so important a part in the political, social, religious, legal, and farming life of the Rhodesias to-day. Robert Moffat bequeathed not only a noble name in Africa but a notable progeny of descendants. John Smith Moffat entered government service in 1878 as Native Commissioner for the North-West Transvaal, and was later Magistrate in Basutoland. Then in 1896 he was Assistant Commissioner in the Bechuanaland Protectorate and was British Resident in Matabeleland. His integrity, plainness of speech, and the trust in him by all sides led to the Moffat Treaty with Lobengula which, though overshadowed by

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the later Rudd-Rhodes agreement, remains one of the corner stones of Southern Rhodesia's development. In South Africa his second son, John Bruce Moffat, was Chief Magistrate of the Transkei Territories, and was under appointment as Secretary for Native Affairs in the Union Government when he died suddenly in 1919.

Through J. S. Moffat's daughter Emily, and her marriage to the Cape Town lawyer Sir Clarkson Tredgold, a legal branch of the Moffats has played a prominent part in Rhodesian life. Their eldest son, J. C. Tredgold, a Rhodes Scholar, was killed at Arras in 1917, but their second son, Sir Robert Tredgold, entered Rhodesian politics and then became a Judge of the High Court, and in 1955 was appointed Chief Justice of the Federal Supreme Court and has acted as Governor-General of the Federation at various periods. The missionary strain in the Moffats has come out in Miss Barbara Tredgold, who worked in Sophiatown, Johannesburg, and later in the Harari township at Salisbury.

The third son of John Smith Moffat, Dr Robert Unwin Moffat, was the first Principal Medical Officer of Uganda, while the fourth son, Howard Unwin Moffat, moved into Rhodesia with the Goold-Adams Column in 1893, and was elected to the Legislative Council in 1920, and in 1927 was Premier and Minister for Native Affairs. A strong advocate of the union of the two Rhodesias, he was equally strongly against General Smuts' plan in 1923 to incorporate Southern Rhodesia with South Africa. His own son, Robert Livingstone Moffat, who farms to-day at Ormiston near Bulawayo, continues the same strain in politics and has two young sons to take the Moffat tradition into the fifth generation.

In Northern Rhodesia the Moffat name was carried by the Reverend Malcolm Moffat, the fifth of John Smith Moffat's sons, who served in the Church of Scotland Mission at Chitambo for thirty years both as agriculturist and ordained minister. His three sons—all of whom have served the government in administration, law, and agriculture—combine public life with the farming and ranching of a big tract of country at Nkolonga. Mr Unwin Jackson Moffat, a former Government agricultural officer, has two sons, William Malcolm and David Ian, to continue the family name. Sir John Smith Moffat, a former District Commissioner and Administrator of the Colonial Welfare and Development Fund for Northern Rhodesia, is now in the centre of the Federation's

political life as a leader of the Central African Party, while his brother, Mr Robert Laws Moffat, a member of the Inner Temple and first Native Courts Adviser in Northern Rhodesia, is a nominated member of the African Affairs Board of the Federation, and also has a son. In the uneasy political equilibrium in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland the Moffats are respected for their long devotion to the land of their birth, and for their continuous public service. In a land where the word 'liberal' is suspect the Moffats are not ashamed to use it, and to go on believing in the ultimate destiny of the black African population whose worth and welfare have been for 140 years the concern of their family in southern Africa. His hopes for a non-racial society in the Federation and for practical schemes of partnership were summed up by Sir John Moffat in the 'Moffat Resolutions' of 1954:

The objective of policy in Northern Rhodesia must be to remove from each race the fear that the other might dominate for its own racial benefit, and to move forward from the present system of racial representation towards a franchise with no separate representation for the races.

Every lawful inhabitant of Northern Rhodesia has the right to progress according to his character, qualifications, training, ability, and industry, without distinction of race, colour, or creed.

In a Federation where the blacks outnumber the whites by twenty-five to one these are courageous words and in keeping with the Moffat tradition of saying what you think, and believing what you say. There are fifty-seven descendants of Robert and Mary Moffat in Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa to-day, an offering of life and an identification with the continent which amply fulfils the hope of their begetters whose sole wish was 'to do some good for this poor Africa.'

CECIL NORTHCOTT

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THE WOMEN'S SERVICES OF OTHER LANDS

IN the British Government Pavilion at the Brussels Exhibition last year the peoples of the world were shown many things which, for better or for worse, have originated in this country. There was, however, no mention of the women's services, yet it is unquestionably true that the British Government was the first to establish a uniformed and disciplined body of women with the armed forces in 1917. Their subsequent history is well known. They were disbanded at the end of the war, revived as auxiliary services in 1938, expanded and given military status after the fall of France, and included in the regular forces in 1949. This example was later followed throughout the English-speaking world.

What is less well known is their effect upon other countries in Europe during and since the war, and the development of an entirely different type of service in the Middle and Far East. It is with these two aspects of the question that this article is principally concerned.

In the manpower shortage of 1940 every effort was made to organize contingents of foreign nationals then in London. Three of them formed separate women's services, of which the first was eventually known as *Le Corps des Volontaires Françaises*. Although it was theoretically the same as the British Auxiliary Territorial Service, with which the recruits received their initial training, it was very much restricted. The bulk of the women worked with the Commissariat Nationale à la Guerre, a few with the Free French navy and air force, but the total strength was never more than five hundred and the rank of the Commandant never higher than capitaine.

The Directors of the *Polska Pomocnicza Slusba Kobiet*—or Women's Army Corps of Poland—and of the original Norwegian service were both trained at an officer cadet training unit of the A.T.S. Only the Polish service grew to any size. Their most cherished ambition was to accompany their army back to their native land, where they might well be called upon to defend themselves, their lorries, depots, and airfields. When they left the A.T.S. unit at which they received their initial training they therefore went

on to be instructed in the use of rifles and hand grenades; they could dig a trench and lay a smoke screen.

Another source of womanpower was in Palestine, where another A.T.S. Depot was established for the reception of recruits from Palestine, Cyprus, and from among the refugees pouring out of eastern Europe.

When Russia was invaded by Germany on June 22, 1941, she called up women who had been registered under a conscription law passed in 1939. They worked in railway units, as signallers, in the medical services, as transport drivers, on the supply services, as manual workers in military construction projects, as cooks, as traffic controllers, and on other administrative tasks. Although they were trained to carry arms they were not called upon to use them in a more active role than on guard duties in rear areas. But as the Germans overran many thousands of acres of their homeland a considerable number of women volunteered for the front, and their offer was accepted. Some went to field, mortar, and anti-aircraft artillery units; others were snipers or members of tank crews. They shared the life and the dangers of the soldiers with whom they worked and were treated in exactly the same manner.

Another effect of the German invasion of Russia was the release of Poles from their concentration camps. They were sent to the Middle East, where they were placed under British protection. A number passed through the A.T.S. Depot and were formed into units of the Polish service under their own officers.

Czechs formed a large part of the contingent of foreign nationals who were individually enrolled in the British A.T.S. in London, including also women from Holland, Belgium, Greece, Luxembourg, and Yugoslavia, as well as anti-Nazi Germans and Austrians. The Czech contingent in the Middle East was large enough to form a separate platoon, but far the largest contribution they made to the war was with the armies of the U.S.S.R.

Almost six months later, on December 7, 1941, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour, following it up within a week by sinking two British battleships, and with overwhelming air support based on Indo-China and Siam advanced against Malaya and Burma. In spite of the fact that China and the United States were now aligned with Great Britain and Russia against the Axis powers the

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immediate effect on Great Britain was to increase the manpower problem until America's war potential could be fully developed.

It was in these circumstances that the Women's Army Service (Burma) was formed to serve with the two weak British Divisions in that country. Its members were working in Rangoon when the Japs crossed the Sitang river and threatened to cut the communications with the north. Women serving with the R.A.F. were flown out, but those with army headquarters moved with it, first to Maymyo, then to Shwebo and Myitkyina, whence they flew across the mountains to India.

Rangoon was in flames before they left the city; in Maymyo and Shwebo the 'Wasbies' forsook their proper tasks of administration for those of feeding evacuees, visiting hospitals, helping in the operations theatre, washing, cleaning, dressing wounds, carrying out the dead. They even spent their spare time in the civil hospital from which the civilian nurses had been evacuated, and they entertained the troops. When their train was attacked they dispersed in the paddy; the heat was intense; they had no water except what could be spared from the engine for drink. They might never have reached Myitkyina had not a senior official of the Burma railway brought up a rail car which took them on without their kit.

On their arrival in India an order was received for their disbandment. This seemed the end of their hopes. Everyone had suffered hardship; some had lost their husbands, their homes, and all their worldly goods. They eventually received permission to carry on a mobile canteen in Assam, which was established in Shillong on September 1.

When the threat of Japanese invasion reached India a Women's Army Corps (India) was also established, followed later by a Women's Royal Indian Naval Service. In these two organizations British and Anglo-Indian girls wore the tropical dress of the British services, and they stood side by side in the ranks with Indians wearing saris. On the same parade two young officers holding equal rank could be seen, the one wearing well-cut khaki and service cap while the other was bareheaded and holding down her sari end with her elbow. Here might be an Anglo-Indian sergeant in European uniform, there a small fine-featured Bengali in her sari, and next to her on either side might be a Nepali with her fair skin and Mongolian eyes and nose, and a British recruit. At first the need

for women was so great that recruits received hardly any training but went straight from the recruiting office to undertake the work at military headquarters and establishments.

Further east still, women were working with the Chinese armies. Such a thing as the equality of the sexes had been unheard of until the draft constitution of 1936 had laid down that there should be no distinction of sex, race, religion, or class. Even then there was little change until the outbreak of war with Japan in 1937 gave women their first opportunity. Conditions varied from one province, where their work was restricted to the supply lines, to another, where they distinguished themselves as guerilla fighters. Elsewhere girl students were given military training, issued with arms and uniform, and short of front-line fighting they carried out the normal work of soldiers. During retreats they helped to destroy communications, to evacuate civilians, and to return refugees to their own homes.

From the end of 1942 the Allied armies moved steadily forward, and as the lines of communication lengthened the need for women in the rear areas increased. They served in the headquarters of the Allied Forces in Italy and North-West Europe, in South-East Asia and the Pacific, in airborne formations and combined operations, as well as in base depots and other establishments, district and army headquarters.

In 1944 Controller The Countess of Carlisle, one of the most experienced of the senior officers of the A.T.S., was seconded with a small staff to the Women's Army Corps (India), in which they provided adequate training facilities to build up a properly organized military corps of women. Before the end of the war the Wasbies were operating fourteen canteens with the Fourteenth Army, and also a mobile library with which they took books to the forward troops. Although they were primarily employed on welfare duties they were enlisted; they were subject to military law and held military rank; they wore jungle green similar to that of the men in the Fourteenth Army. They were present with that army at Imphal and Kohima and, according to an official report, they provided the greatest single factor in improving the morale of the troops.

By the time that Japan surrendered in August 1945 Chinese women and girls in the Communist areas were employed on the

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same terms as the men and were undertaking exactly the same work.

While the women of the Allied armies continued to expand, no such development took place in the armies of their enemies. At the end of the First World War there had been a plan to form a corps of women in Germany, but the Armistice had intervened to put an end to the war before it could be implemented. By the outbreak of the Second World War, by deliberate policy of the Nazi regime, woman had been relegated to the position of an inferior being who had no function but to wait on her man and bear his children. Before the war she was often deprived of her job for no other reason than that it was wanted by a man. This policy was modified when war broke out, but even then women were permitted no choice. They were conscripted for work on the land and in industry, and those who resisted were punished in the concentration camp. There was certainly no suggestion of women helping men on equal terms in the armed forces.

The greatest number of women of the British Commonwealth to wear the uniform of its fighting services at any one time was just over half a million. Immediately after the end of the war this number was rapidly run down by the release, first of the married and then of the older women. The various corps were not, however, disbanded even in South Africa, where they have ceased to exist and are in abeyance; the Women's Army Corps (India) and the Wasbies came to an end when their countries achieved independence; elsewhere they have generally become part of the peace establishment. But outside the Commonwealth and the United States the war-time services based on the British pattern have all disappeared, even in those countries where new ones have been formed more recently.

Many thousands of Poles remained in Great Britain after the war, men and women being enlisted and enrolled into a Polish Resettlement Corps in which they learned to speak English and to equip themselves for civilian employment before being demobilized in this country. The corps was disbanded when it had completed the task for which it had been formed.

When the foreign nationals serving in the Mediterranean and in Egypt were released from the British services it was a personal tragedy for some whose country of origin was closed to them for

ever, and who had known no home other than the army or air force in their adult life. But the majority were Palestinians who almost immediately found themselves involved in a struggle for independence in which they fought against those they had so recently served. The women's role in the defence of the settlements was predominantly in the trenches, but they also provided about 30 per cent. of the strength of the Palmach Brigades, which were considered to be the spearhead of the Jewish forces. These women took part in many dangerous enterprises, smuggling arms and raiding British positions; many died in the burning hulks of the convoys they had helped to destroy on the Jerusalem road; they handled guns, laid ambushes, and harassed British troops as persistently as any of their brothers.

In the Communist countries conscription ceased; women were generally withdrawn from fighting units, but they continued to serve in greatly reduced numbers in an administrative capacity.

On being included in the permanent peace establishment the women's services of Great Britain were incorporated in the army and the air force, but they were still not subject to the Naval Discipline Act. At the same time they were admitted to the auxiliary and reserve forces. The countries of the Commonwealth have also nearly all retained their services and extended them to the reserve forces, but they are not yet recognized as permanent services in Australia, where they remain on the same basis as that of the British services during the war, except that the officers of the Women's Royal Australian Naval Service are commissioned.

When Pakistan became independent in 1947 she was immediately faced with the problem of thousands of suffering refugees from India. To undertake this work the women of Pakistan were organized, and when it was over the organization remained to concentrate on increasing the opportunities for education of women to enable them to play their part in public life. Within a year the Women's National Guard was formed for use in an emergency and for assistance in the army medical and welfare services. Officers and other ranks of all races and creeds started training in February 1948. They are now divided into two categories, those who are liable to serve anywhere in the Dominion and those who will not go outside their own district. They wear uniform and are on full pay. Pakistan also has its part-time organization in the Women's

Naval Reserve formed in 1949. Its members undertake training in their spare time, and as they are intended to supplement rather than to replace men emphasis is placed on such subjects as nursing, first aid, office routine, civil defence, and wireless telegraphy. They are also practised in the handling of boats and naval signalling.

In Western Europe France alone has a full-time women's service—*Personnel Féminin de l'Armée de Terre*—and also with their air force. Although the written code on which the discipline is based is not unlike that of the British services, no attempt is made to enforce it. During their initial training, with the army of occupation in Germany, and in some other places, the women live in barracks. But more usually they sleep out and almost always feed out. There is little unit spirit; no parades or drills are held; uniform may be worn anyhow, so long as it is 'chic'; they adopt as unmilitary an attitude as possible, and are not accepted as an integral part of the army by the men with whom they work.

Yet paradoxically the Frenchwoman learns her job from the men who form the staff of the depot, whereas in England the instructors are women; she spends six weeks on her basic training against the five of the British recruit, and as drill is reduced to a minimum she should know much more about the army. On the other hand she also learns her trade in the same depot, whereas in Britain the recruit goes on to an establishment controlled by the branch responsible for similar training for men. There are no senior women officers with the French army.

In Russia a woman may volunteer only for a limited period, but she may re-engage. On her enlistment she goes to a training base where she learns field-craft and how to handle arms. On being posted to her unit she continues her weapon training and practises grenade throwing, as well as undertaking the particular task for which she was enlisted. There are schools for officers, signal operators, and specialists. Being a volunteer a woman receives more pay than a conscript soldier, but possibly less than men on extended service. She is subject to exactly the same laws and regulations, but they are not usually enforced in the same way. It is unheard of for a Russian woman to be given detention or even to be committed to the guard-room, and habitual offenders are more often discharged.

There are now few if any women in the Russian fighting units,

but this example has not been universally followed in the other Communist countries. In Yugoslavia women have the same rights and duties as the men; they are to be found in every sort of unit, but particularly as officers and clerks in the medical services.

In the Chinese People's Republic schoolgirls are required to do the same military training as boys. Certain specialists and technicians are obliged to enlist in the reserve forces and to keep up their military training by attendance at camp, and they are liable for full-time service in an emergency. Little is known about the conditions under which women may volunteer for full-time service in peace, but they can be seen in uniform in the streets. One at least holds the rank of major-general, and it is likely that there are others. With the exception of General H.R.H. The Princess Royal in the United Kingdom these women hold higher military rank than any others in the world.

Full-time women's services established since the war include the Women's Army Corps of Thailand, where the army has been modelled on that of the United States, whence come many of their instructors. The women's corps is almost five hundred strong, showing American influence in the design of their uniform and in their mode of life. There are no barracks for them; they live at home and go backwards and forwards to their work. The officers are all graduates, some being doctors and dentists, scientists, nurses, or personal assistants, while many others are instructors. Out of ninety-seven, thirty-seven are instructors of male cadets, who have to learn English, as all their text-books are in that language. The other ranks are mostly clerks, though there are some draughts-women and signal operators; a very few are employed in domestic categories. There are two specialist majors, but the officer in charge of the corps is a captain.

On the formation of the State of Israel, Jewish women were taken out of most fighting units, yet they still bear arms, although they are unlikely to be called upon to use them during their full-time service. This is the only country in the world in which women are conscripted in peace. Israel regards her army as a melting pot in which the men and women who come from every corner of the globe learn to speak Hebrew and to live together. Clannish barriers are broken down and they emerge a unified people. For this reason the majority of the women are employed as instructors in the

Hebrew language in the battalions of conscripts who divide their time between military and agricultural training. Others serve in combatant units, principally on clerical work, first aid, and signals; in the depots they serve as parachute packers and instrument checkers; some do cultural welfare or nursing work; yet others are employed in staff appointments and as non-combatant pilots; some even parachute with their units. On the conclusion of their full-time service the women are transferred to the militia, on which the defence of the country depends. They contribute one-third of its strength.

A surprising development since the war is the admission of women to the sea, land, and air war schools of Turkey in 1955. Here they carry out the normal course for officer cadets, including infantry and gunnery tactics, the handling of arms, battle training, discipline, and general education. The first officers were commissioned in 1957 and are now performing the normal duties of their rank. There are as yet no other ranks, but it is intended to organize a women's service as soon as there are sufficient women officers to command it. It will then be responsible for domestic duties in all establishments other than the fighting units.

Some countries and British colonial territories, although not employing women full time with the armed forces, have organized part-time services. Among them are Singapore and Hong Kong, where such services were established to help meet the threat from Chinese Communist aggression. The small but active unit in Singapore is recruited from many nationalities, including Dutch, Chinese, and Malays. It forms part of an anti-aircraft regiment of the Singapore Defence Force. The Hong Kong Women's Army Corps was formed in 1949 to serve the Royal Hong Kong Defence Force, which has since celebrated its centenary. Within the next five years it expanded to six sections, all of which train under active service conditions. The signallers include not only those who would in an emergency reinforce the headquarters switchboard but also those who provide the ears of the fighting men with their walkie-talkies in exercises to-day, as they would if the place were to be attacked. The drivers are expected to maintain their vehicles in the open far from their garages; cooks operate with the ovens they build out of mud and brick and empty oil cans; medical orderlies render first aid, as they would on the battlefield, and carry their patients to

safety on stretchers. They do not carry arms, but they undergo a course of judo in which the Chinese show as much dexterity as they do in field cookery.

In the Scandinavian countries the women of Finland have for two centuries sung the praises of Lotte, one who followed her husband to the war, taking with her a cartload of dressings and food for his men, and during their struggle for independence from Russia they banded themselves together in a Lottekorps, named after their national heroine. In 1924 Sweden followed their example and formed a Lottakar. Both were originally intended to provide financial support for the troops by raising money through various entertainments, bazaars, and other means. The Finnish corps was disbanded during the war by order of one of the clauses of the Finnish treaty with Russia, but the Lottakar of Sweden has now extended its original function to the recruiting and training of women for a variety of defence tasks. It has a membership to-day of nearly 100,000 organized into units which are grouped into regional associations, each providing support for the voluntary command organization and the Home Guard. There are similar women's organizations attached to the navy and air force and civil defence. They are all state aided.

In Denmark the Lottekorps was formed in 1946, composed of women pledged to work for the army and the Home Guard in time of war, but training in peace on a voluntary unpaid basis. The only paid officials are districtlottes and regionallottes, who supervise the training. It is carried out in certain centres in leisure hours; selected lottes may attend courses for N.C.Os., but more advanced courses can only be taken by getting time off work, and success at the final course is essential before a lotte can be appointed to a paid job. There are now some seven thousand members, an increasing number of whom get taken on in full-time employment with the defence services, but they are still civilians and no full-time corps has yet been formed.

The Norges Lotte Forbund was formed in Norway soon after the end of the war, also on a voluntary basis. Indeed it was hardly recognized at all until 1956, in which year it was provided with a training ground. Like the other lottes, members of this corps are generally training in domestic categories, as drivers, and as plotters. They are not trained to carry arms.

Conclusion

It is not possible to claim that this is a complete account of the work of women in the armed forces of the world. There may well be some country with a flourishing corps whose contribution has been overlooked; accounts of others, because of their peculiar circumstances, may have been given space out of all proportion to their strength.

The fact has, however, emerged that there are few progressive communities in which the education of women is not receiving much attention, and, moreover, that with the increased opportunities for education women are taking a greater share of public life, including that of the armed forces. Their position varies from full integration, fighting in combatant formations, to purely voluntary and auxiliary services, as given by camp followers of long ago.

The spread of these services from those of Great Britain, barely 20,000 strong in 1939, to their present scope is one of the phenomenal and little-known revolutions of the past twenty years.

JULIA M. COWPER

THE MOOD OF GERMANY

THE mood of Germany towards the close of 1958 and at the beginning of 1959 could, I think, be fairly summed up in a juxtaposition—confidence and anxiety. The sources of these contrasted feelings are not difficult to discover: the first stems from economic successes, from astounding prosperity and *das Wirtschaftswunder*; the second from the crisis over Berlin.

It would be rash to assume that the first mood lies entirely within the province of economic motives, while the second is purely political. The sense of confidence which seems to permeate the German community is a mixture of economic and political elements: in fact, Germany succeeded in transforming her economic victories into a political factor. By stabilizing her economy, by expanding it constantly, by creating a basis for competition with the most industrially advanced countries of the world, and by becoming the most powerful unit of the Continent, West Germany has acquired a political status out of proportion to its membership of N.A.T.O. and other organizations. In other words West Germany's way to power progressed not, as hitherto, via military ascendancy but through economics. This is a new development in German history, but by no means one which could not be predicted. Already in 1946—when the writer came to West Germany for the first time after the holocaust (after having lived there for nearly three years between 1934–7)—one could hear opinions expressed that the former *Orientierung* of Germany was completely wrong; that the war-path led only to disaster; that had Germany in 1914 or 1939 concentrated on economic effort she would have won domination in Europe by sheer economic weight, without drawing the sword. Already in 1946—and more vocally in 1947 and 1948, and during my subsequent visits to post-war Germany (nine altogether, between 1946–58)—the brighter minds in Germany propounded the view that the right road to power led through economic expansion and the organization of Germany as a vast emporium of Europe.

The steeply rising curve of German prosperity can best be illus-

trated by data taken from publications of the *Wirtschaftsministerium*:

Under the heading of income and consumption we find that the industrial worker in West Germany earned in 1949 an average of 56 DM per week, while in 1957 he earned an average of 101 DM. The data for the whole of the working population of West Germany: in 1949, 222 DM per month; in 1957, 397 DM per month. In 1950 the national income (*Volkseinkommen*) reached the level of 74.5 billion DM; in 1957 the level of 158.0 billion DM. In the same period personal income from earnings and salaries (*Nettoeinkommen aus Lohn und Gehalt*) for the whole population of West Germany advanced from 34.8 billion DM in 1950 to 76.2 billion DM in 1957.

Consumption, and consequently the standard of living (taking into account the increase in prices), achieved an astounding level: in West Germany in 1949-56 it rose by 78 per cent.; in Austria by 46 per cent.; in France by 37 per cent.; in Canada by 17 per cent.; in the U.S.A. by 15 per cent.; and in Great Britain by 12 per cent. The so-called *Bruttosozialprodukt* in Federal Germany achieved in 1950 97.2 billion DM—by 1957 it was 207 billion DM, the greatest rate of advance of all the O.E.E.C. countries.

The constantly swelling affluence found expression in such items as the number of cars: in 1938 Germany had 1,836,000 cars, in 1957 the country (only the Western part) had 6,137,200. In 1957 45,200,000 West Germans travelled abroad, which means that, theoretically, almost the whole population visited foreign lands. The German merchant marine and the shipbuilding industry by 1957 occupied third place in the world: in 1949 the tonnage comprised 1,423 ships with 303,880 B.R.T.; in 1957 2,576 ships with 3,877,015 B.R.T. German shipyards started in 1949 from scratch: by 1957 they had built 318 ships with 1,121,859 B.R.T. Housing? In 1957 West Germany had passed a total of 4,000,000 flats and tenements. Without West Berlin the greatest number was built during the acute shortage—1949-51—over 985,000.

Unemployment went from 1,300,000 in 1949 to 400,000 in 1957; industrial production more than doubled after 1950, while in that year it achieved 111 per cent. above the last year of peace (1936), and soared in 1957 to 225 per cent. By such an achievement West Germany assumed first place in the world for that period (West

Germany 109 per cent., Austria 81 per cent., France 66 per cent., Canada 38 per cent., U.S.A. 29 per cent., and England 26 per cent.). Income tax was lowered. Foreign trade? In 1949 export *per capita* was only 85 DM (about 4.1 billion DM); in 1957 it reached 36.0 billion DM or 683 *per capita* of the population. Currency and gold reserves in 1950 were about 0.7 billion DM; in 1958 23.3 billion DM.

But enough of figures; anyhow, they can be found in any book describing the rise of post-war Germany. The important feature of this analysis is that the reconstruction was the result of a liberal economy and that the risk taken in 1948, the year of the *Währungsreform*, was worth taking. In a speech delivered at the International Frankfurter Fair (Frankfurter Messe) in September 1958 one of the architects of the *Wirtschaftswunder*, the Minister for Economic Affairs, Dr L. Erhard, stressed the importance of the German experiment for the whole of Europe, contrasting the attempts of other countries resorting first to inflation and then to deflation with the really free German economy, which shuns *jeder törichter Versuch des Staates zu intervenieren*.

Germany's economic policy is an object lesson to the so-called planners and believers in *dirigisme*: in a country devastated by war a courageous economic policy was pursued, and it triumphed. The reasons have been explained by that brilliant sociologist and philosopher, Hannah Arendt, who in her book *The Human Condition* examined the roots of German prosperity with an acuteness of perception unsurpassed by any other economist:

Under modern conditions the expropriation of people, the destruction of objects, and the devastation of cities will turn out to be a radical stimulant for a process, not of mere recovery, but of a quicker and more efficient accumulation of wealth—if only the country is modern enough to respond in terms of the production process. In Germany, outright destruction took the place of the relentless process of depreciation of all worldly things, which is the hallmark of the waste economy in which we now live. The result is almost the same: a booming prosperity, which, as post-war Germany illustrates, feeds not on the abundance of material goods or on anything stable and given but on the process of production and consumption itself. Under modern conditions not destruction but conservation spells ruin because the very durability of conserved objects is the greatest impediment to the turnover process, whose

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To the second query, whether Germany's prosperity should not be attributed to the fact that, after all, that country did not shoulder the burden of armaments, Hannah Arendt replies:

The reason most frequently given for the surprising recovery of Germany—that she did not have to carry the burden of a military budget—is inconclusive on two accounts: first, Germany had to pay for a number of years the costs of occupation, which amounted to a sum almost equal to a full-fledged military budget, and, second, war production is held in other economies to be the greatest single factor in the post-war prosperity. Moreover, the point I wish to make could be equally well illustrated by the common and yet quite uncanny phenomenon that prosperity is closely connected with the “useless” production of means of destruction, of goods produced to be wasted either by using them up in destruction or—and this is the more common case—by destroying them because they soon become obsolete.

Hannah Arendt's analysis goes a long way towards grasping the secret of the German *Wirtschaftswunder*. But of course the basis for it was provided by the amazing German capacity for work, a phenomenon of long standing. It was said of one of France's ambassadors that he summed up the problem—already evident before the First World War—when replying in 1913 to a question as to why the Germans were so universally disliked: *ils travaillent trop*. The Germans haven't changed in that respect; the cult of work—and of work done by the sweat of their brows, *die Schwitzarbeit*—has survived all the vicissitudes of political regimes. (Probably this German virtue was at its lowest at the time of the Weimar Republic, a state of affairs which should be ascribed to political and social unrest.) This *Wille zur Arbeit* re-emerged after the war with an almost terrifying vigour. It was the only value rescued from the Valhalla which toppled down in this macabre finale of the Third Reich, a mixture of the *Nibelungenlied* und *Kriminalroman*; and for the defeated Germans this *Wille zur Arbeit* provided their last unannounced and ultimately victorious offensive. With *Wille zur Macht* smashed, this silent offensive resembled almost a *levée en masse* and was conducted with truly military discipline; it went on night and day with buildings rising by floodlight, with the din of work disturbing one's sleep in Frankfurt,

Cologne, Düsseldorf, Bochum, or Hamburg. The Germans have won their silent offensive, and the social peace, the lack of any serious strikes, the self-discipline of the working classes, helped enormously in the orderly conduct of the great OPERATION WORK.

The Germans have demonstrated to all and sundry the truth, rather unpalatable to other nations, that 'there is no substitute for work.' The age-long tradition of hard work—which only the Swiss seem to be able to equal—stood them in good stead; it was accelerated and increased by psychological factors: an almost holy obsession for work was the only value saved from the collapse of all moral, ideological, and political tenets.¹

It is being generally assumed that there were several phases in this uphill struggle towards prosperity, which by now has outstripped England's standard of living and must be classed probably next to the Swiss level. In the first phase hunger had to be appeased, so food was the great problem (even to-day German provision shops persist in displaying masses of foods, a real *Schlaraffenland*, which makes English show windows look dowdy and prim); then came the phase of clothing and housing, then the great vogue for travelling. The Germans have outpaced the British as the most travelled race in Europe: about three million people leave this island every year for foreign lands but almost seven times as many German tourists now go every year to France, Italy, Spain, Yugoslavia, and Greece, transforming the coast of Italy into a true *Mare Germanicum*. Since 1952 they have been considered the best tourist customers in Europe, lavish spenders, travelling in style in their

¹ It should, however, be noted that recently a timid retreat from this fury of work could be detected; in reply to a public opinion poll about leisure a vast percentage of people said that they wouldn't object to total laziness. This is probably the reaction to too much work in the era of the *Aufbau*; doctors in Germany state that hundreds of thousands of men suffer from tiredness, heart, and other ailments because of overwork. So probably a reaction will set in against the cult of excessive work, and in this connection a sermon by one of Germany's most famous Catholic dignitaries was mentioned (he stormed against the German work mania). Some observers of German life also say that the craving for rich food seems to be in decline; in many German *Delikatessen* shops the accent is now on the more refined foods, a vogue called by the Germans, past masters in coining a word-combination for every contingency, *Edelfresswelle*; a word which while lacking in elegance sums up the change rather aptly.

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shining Mercedes and Porsche cars. Their new *Wanderlust* has probably a psychological background too: during the war many used to travel across occupied and unoccupied Europe as the *Herrenvolk*, not counting the millions of German soldiers who marched into so many European countries and tasted the foreign *joie de vivre*, or simply different ways of life. Immediately after the war one could see in many German trains tattered suitcases with a variety of hotel labels from all over Europe. Their owners had acquired the taste for travelling, and so from 1952 the Germans returned to Europe not as soldiers and commercial travellers in the interests of the 'thousand-year Reich' but as tourists, their *Herrenvolk*-time urge being satisfied in a different way.

And now, according to the verdict of a German public opinion institute founded in Düsseldorf (a counterpart of the Gallup Poll; it publishes its findings every year), the majority of the Germans want—after having satisfied their desire to eat, to be clothed, housed, and to furnish their homes as well as to travel abroad—to save. They believe in their DM, by now almost fully convertible and one of the hardest currencies in the world; they want to invest, to buy shares. The post-war anguish, when people expected a clash between East and West at any moment, has disappeared—with an important rider: the crisis over Berlin stirred last November and December the old fears, though very few people still assume that it will come to actual conflict. The Berlin fever had reached its height by the beginning of December 1958; since then it has been receding rather fast. It can be safely said that the population of Germany did not share the gloomy pessimism in official circles. But what official Bonn feared most was a 'deal' over Berlin, a softening of the attitude of the West towards Russian proposals; in fact, any sort of change in the attitude of the Western Allies.

Official circles in Bonn were treating the Berlin crisis most seriously, regarding it as a test case of Western solidarity: they did not hesitate to point out that any 'softening' of the Western attitude towards that problem would endanger the Western alliance. Not so long ago one of the best-informed German papers, *Hamburger Die Welt*, advanced the risky theory that the Western alliance faced a serious split—Washington and London looking for some arrangement with Russia over Berlin, and later on over the whole German problem, France and Germany refusing to entertain any idea of discussing with Russia those problems under duress. No doubt the

Berlin crisis, which precipitated the whole complex of the *deutsche Frage*, created serious confusion in German political thinking. However, the majority of people refuse to believe that Russia will win her points, though many are afraid that the 'Anglo-Saxons are out for a compromise'; they comfort themselves with the old adage that *es wird nicht so heiss gegessen wie es gekocht wird*. Adenauer's opponents say caustically that 'now he will be thrown to the wolves by the West which, after all, has had ample experience in such practices.' The more restrained critics admit that 1959 is going to be the most galling year for the Chancellor and his policy of solidarity with the West. This can hardly be contested: Adenauer, who has enjoyed the confidence of Washington for many years, is to be subjected to some pressure. But after Dulles's visit to Bonn in 1959 no dramatic change in America's attitude is envisaged.

In the 1946-50 period war neurosis was fairly general; people not only expected war to come but some even argued that it was inevitable. I well remember talks with politicians and the less politically minded in the 1946-50 era when the same somewhat tedious argument was advanced that war will come 'as Germany can't stay divided.' And when I replied rather dryly that, after all, Poland had been partitioned not between two but between three Powers for 123 years and nobody went to war for that reason, I was politely reminded that Germany was more important than Poland. During the same period in conversations with the 'man in the street' one was treated to the same cliché: now the West is tasting bitter medicine; now the West will learn what the Soviet Union is; and the West will come round to the view that Germany was right in attacking Russia, and one day maybe—(here the reasoning ended abruptly with an innuendo not difficult to interpret).

Since 1950 nobody has seemed inclined to use this sort of reasoning; Germany's division is accepted as a *malum necessarium*; moreover, it is admitted that re-unification would certainly bring in its wake many problems and saddle prosperous West Germany with a poor relation. This economic consideration seems to outweigh in many German minds the patriotic propensities, and during a short visit to East Germany in 1957 I had a chance of checking those feelings on the other side of the barrier: many East Germans complained to me that their 'brothers from the West have forgotten us in their plenty,' and that 'prosperity does not breed

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solidarity.¹ It is true that the constant flow of refugees from the East—as previously the rush of expellees from the former Eastern provinces of the Reich—does not always evoke feelings of fraternal solidarity. But, then, we have to visualize the extent of that unique exodus. Since 1949 over 2,500,000 people have escaped from East Germany to the West, and the weekly average is about 6,000.² In some places where refugees from the East were distributed (often housed temporarily in Nissen huts of a rather shabby type), protests were raised against the excessive influx of 'brethren from the East.' Of course, this exodus from the East is a tremendous test for German solidarity, and since 1946 one has seen many instances of a cool reception meted out to the first wave of newcomers; these examples often led one to wonder whether the celebrated German solidarity was not yet another myth. The fact is, there was very little of it left in war-shattered Germany. Often, when wandering across war-devastated Germany in 1946, one was tempted to proclaim that there hardly was a German nation equipped with a communal consciousness—only a German population, sulky and dejected, deprived of necessary correctives, among them solidarity. Only later did an awful realization dawn upon an honest observer: that this was the result of the shameful attempt by totalitarianism to identify the nation with the State. The latter was bent on depriving the nation of its normal functions of thinking and reacting, so when the State had collapsed a void was created, as the nation couldn't take over; its capacity to think and to act normally had been paralysed.

It would be sound to argue that the sobering process in Germany *vis-à-vis Vereinigung* has made great strides. Politicians still talk about it, for they have to; they consider it a 'point of honour,' but in their heart of hearts they must entertain doubts, and the German

¹ Let us not forget that over 2,500,000 people came from East Germany during the 'thaw' era (1956–7) to see families and relatives in the West; this imposing figure had diminished by 80 per cent. in 1958.

² Wolfgang Leonhard, an ex-Communist trained in Russia, author of an interesting document about the methods of schooling foreign Communists in Soviet centres, writing in *The Times* on February 16 said in his article *Behind The East German Scenes*: 'Over two million refugees in nine years, of whom 60 per cent. are fit to work and 50 per cent. in their twenties, are a dangerous drain on a system whose most important economic potential is its labour force. More serious than the simple loss in labour force is the loss of specialists, whose numbers among refugees have increased alarmingly in the past two years.'

masses don't conceal their scepticism about the chances of early re-union. This one can hear expressed even in West Berlin, where the contrast between two economies seems to be almost grotesque. West Berliners fully realize what it would mean to have their brothers from behind the Brandenburger Tor on their hands. Thus, one can speak about a cooling off in the matter of *Vereinigung*; the existence of two Germanys is silently accepted as a solution for many years to come. East Germany is viewed as a *Pfand* in Soviet hands which Moscow is unlikely to return—why should she? The Austrian pattern doesn't apply to East Germany at close scrutiny: Russia did not enforce in East Austria any Communist regime; she didn't gear it to the machine of the Eastern bloc economy. But by returning the East German *Pfand* the Soviet Union would not only condemn the Ulbricht regime to ignominious disintegration but would also provoke a new earthquake in the whole of her sphere of influence, something she couldn't possibly afford, and there is no reason why she should risk doing so.

So East Germany is going to stay, and ideas of an agreement between the two States will necessarily be given more impetus by perpetuation of the division of Germany. Many shrewd Germans freely admit that:

nobody really wants a *Vereinigung* . . . not Moscow, Paris, or London . . . the English and the French fear the challenge of a united Germany almost as keenly as the Russians; they pay only lip-service to the idea of re-unification. As for the Americans, it probably leaves them quite cold . . . Germans? Well, only the politicians preach *Vereinigung*, although not all of them believe in their sermon.

As long as Dr Adenauer lives and his policy operates there is no earthly chance of deflection from the already established course: close collaboration with Western Europe, especially with France, and refusal even to think of a neutralized Germany or of a confederation of two German States.¹ One may say with a good deal of accuracy that as Britain succeeded in establishing a special relationship with the U.S., so Germany wants a similar union between France and herself. Germany under Adenauer can be relied upon as the pivot of a West European unity. But what will come after Adenauer's death, or the disruption of his political heritage, nobody knows; still, it would be premature to assume that German policy will not budge from its position during the next five years or so.

¹ See note on page 358.

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Pressure from the West in search for some understanding with Russia, first over Berlin and then over Germany, may induce Adenauer slowly to retreat from his stiff line of defence, and many Germans visualize some kind of a Rapacki Plan—of course revised and redrafted—coming to fruition around 1965. Much will depend on the progress of the Common Market: if this creation will succeed in welding the 'little Europe' economically and politically into a close union, then the power of attraction of that new structure may prove too strong for East Germany and precipitate its collapse.

People in Germany recognize that the main reason for the Soviet haste about Berlin is the East German desire to close the dangerous gap which is West Berlin; the Ulbricht regime has excellent reasons to fear a rapid depopulation of the country. But they are also aware of the artificial situation of West Berlin: Federal Germany has to subsidize West Berlin to the tune of 800 million DM a year, plus the additional credits from the E.R.P., recently increased from 250 to 610 million DM. West Berlin has now been fed with new orders from West Germany; but the deficit of the brave city amounts to 50 per cent. of its budget, and West Berlin's enormous prosperity must retain an artificiality until the city again becomes the capital of a united Germany.

What about the former Eastern marches of Germany now *unter polnischer Verwaltung*, as the German nomenclature calls them—lands considered by the Poles as their 'regained territories'? Well, the truth is that remnants of German population are leaving those regions. (Over a year ago about 15,000 people belonging to the so-called Mazury population in former East Prussia decided to go to West Germany, which, in spite of an influx of 11,000,000 expellees, doesn't claim to be a *Volk ohne Raum*.)

Germany is deserting her former Eastern territories; the trend in itself is by no means a recent phenomenon—fifty years ago there was already evidence of a population movement from East to West Germany in search of a higher standard of living, e.g. East Prussian agriculture was already subsidized before 1910 and quite heavily under Hindenburg. The retreat of the German element from the former eastern provinces of the Reich is by now almost total; the older generation still remembers their *Heimat*, the younger has largely forgotten it, and school-teachers in many places in West Germany complain that pupils hailing from the former eastern marches of the Reich 'lack patriotism.' But the Germans have

always been highly adaptable people, as American experience has shown (the German element proved to be the most easily absorbed and 'Americanized' while Scandinavian, Irish, Polish, or Italian proved far less digestible). Conditions in the west are better, and refugees from the east have found homes and work, in spite of some initial quarrelling with the natives. Those *Heimatsvertriebene* (H.M.V.) have founded organizations and parties, but they are not troublesome. It is a fact that only in the case of the *Sudetendeutsche* were vast political demonstrations arranged in Munich; in the case of other H.M.V. no such mass meetings were held. This lack of spontaneous manifestations of a desire to return to the former *Heimat* appears to be highly significant, and people concerned with work with H.M.V. organizations frankly admit that the general mood is one of apathy, that many persons have lost hope of returning to their former *Länder*; that the majority find the west more attractive; that young people don't cling to old customs and tradition.

It is extremely risky for a Pole to judge the situation, as he could easily be accused of partisanship. But trying to be as impartial as is humanly possible—and therefore treating the historical claims of Poland to those 'regained territories' as rather tenuous, and accepting the stern rule of compensating Poland for the loss of her territories in the east, and admitting that the management of the western lands of Poland leaves much to be desired, a truth openly professed by honest Poles—the fact remains that there has been created in Germany a propitious climate for an accommodation with Poland concerning frontiers. Nobody in Germany would think of fighting a war for them; many H.M.V. agree that they don't want to return to 'such an unsafe corner of Europe,' and many people in West Germany feel that the settlement of some 8-9 million Poles on those lands can't be altered. There is little desire, let alone enthusiasm, in Germany to start the inhuman game of shifting populations—a policy radically opposed to the very spirit of Europe. So an atmosphere seems to be favourable for mentally resigning oneself to the changes, maybe with minor adjustments (Stettin and some parts of Lower Silesia, for example). This should be stated honestly, and everything seems to point towards a deepening of such an attitude, with the passage of time severing more and more the links of memory between the H.M.V. and their former *Heimat*.

There is still no enthusiasm for the new *Bundeswehr*, but only a reluctant acceptance of necessity. The army has not acquired any new glory, and one can detect a good deal of dissatisfaction with the way the business of rearmament was conducted. One is often asked why rearmament was bad until 1952 yet suddenly became good in, say, 1953. One feels that the West has failed to explain to West Germans why the country had to re-arm, why it should take over at least a part of responsibility for the defence of its frontiers. The new *Bundeswehr*, democratic and non-heel-clicking, completely dissimilar from anything Germany has previously known, from the grenadiers of Frederick the Great to the soldiers of Marshal Rommel, will attain the level of 350,000 soldiers in 1960. The navy and the air force will reach their targets only by 1962-3 as training takes longer. The army is to be a highly mobile machine, split into smaller units (brigades) capable of independent action, as in atomic warfare one has to take into consideration the problem of isolation of units. German military thought is inclined not to look down on conventional arms and armaments; but the opinion seems to prevail that without the *atomare Waffen* no modern army can be called fully established. The sums allocated to the army (9 billion DM) had not been spent last year.

Are the Germans happy about their army? Hardly. The armed forces have lost their magic, probably because twice within living memory they did not 'deliver the goods.' The German masses treat their new army with cool detachment.

Yet it is realized that a highly mobile, ultra-modern army, equipped with *atomare Waffen*, will make an impression on Europe; and that Russia, after two historic experiences, is not so greatly afraid of American, let alone British, soldiers—but she still has reasons to fear a re-militarized Germany. It is pointed out, not without a certain undertone of pride, that behind all the recent Soviet moves there is a concealed fear of a 'nuclearized Germany.' The new German army will be in the general framework of N.A.T.O., and it is curious that Russia does not understand that such a scheme is a much safer proposition than a heavily armed Germany not integrated in N.A.T.O. Once Germany is relieved of its N.A.T.O. obligations and left to its fate, even as a neutral State with a large standing army, will Russia feel as secure as she is to-day? Even now one hears cautious voices in West Germany

suggesting that a strong German army—though restrained within the N.A.T.O. command—may become troublesome in the event of provocation by East Germany. Many people visualize a possible clash between the forces of West Germany and the People's Army of East Germany, were the N.A.T.O. brakes removed.

This, in outline, is the picture of the West German situation. Are the Germans happy? The question is hardly within the sphere of politics, but its answer must influence the country's conduct. There is no latent dissatisfaction, as existed some thirty years ago; the towns and streets which once reverberated with the din of clashes between Nazis, Communists, and Socialists now present a peaceful countenance. The Germans talk about *Entpolitisierung der Politik*, an attitude of mind by no means restricted to Germany; their political passions have been spent; Germany has had her fill of political idolatry. Social peace reigns supreme, with the German proletariat advancing rapidly towards bourgeoisie and melting into middle classes, and with the accent on economic advance *Politik* has become strangely anaemic. A desire to forget the past can't be denied, so there are few signs of a conscience stirring and of memories of the Nazi Apocalypse.¹ Escapism seems to rule in literature, films, and on the whole front of West German cultural life. Compared with the feverish upheaval of the Weimar days when German arts and literature were permeated with unrest and produced amazing things in various domains, especially those of theatre and film, the present situation strikes one as almost too placid. Germany probably had to pay a price for her well-being: by eliminating from her communal body any ferment (though anti-Semitism appears to be rearing its ugly head again), any discomfort which may disturb her unduly. But who knows whether the yeast of unrest does not constitute an essential pre-condition for really creative things in art?

Z. A. GRABOWSKI

These remarks were written in the early spring, 1959, before Dr Adenauer's decision to hand over the Chancellorship to a still unnamed successor and to offer his candidature for Presidency. At

¹ In this connection the wise words of C. G. Jung should be quoted: 'If only people could realize what an enrichment to find in one's own guilt, what a sense of honour and new spiritual dignity!' (Jung's essay *Nazi Germany after the War*.)

the time of adding this footnote the opinion has been widely expressed that Professor Erhard will almost certainly assume Dr Adenauer's mantle in view of his enormous popularity in Germany as the chief architect of the 'economic miracle' as well as in view of preserving the continuity of work in the domain of economics and of the 'little Europe' with which so many hopes are connected. Professor Erhard is, undoubtedly, the best suited man for the continuation of work on the 'little Europe,' the pivot of Adenauer's policy.

While Professor Erhard's candidature for the Chancellorship seems to be the most probable one, Adenauer's election to Presidency appears to be a certainty, unless the Geneva Conference of four Foreign Ministers on Germany and Berlin would produce a dramatic landslide of all hopes and conjectures and radically change the situation. If elected to Presidency, Dr Adenauer will certainly mould it on the image of de Gaulle. Adenauer's Presidency is to be a political one and there is no reason to suppose that he will yield less power than he is holding now. On the contrary, an Adenauer-Erhard team may only strengthen the hold of Adenauer's conceptions on German policy. This does not exclude the chance of new blood being infused into Erhard's Cabinet.

The Geneva Conference on Germany and Berlin is likely to produce a great commotion in German affairs and that is why it may prove necessary to make a new assessment of the mood of Germany some time in late autumn of this year. Whatever the results of the Geneva meeting, it is already obvious on the eve of it that it must be viewed as an attempt to re-think the whole German problem and to find a way out of the impasse. The West is trying to find a new solution for the German tangle; and practically all those solutions conceal a degree of danger and risk. As the Germans know that this process of re-thinking the problem of Germany involves such a risk and as they suspect that in the search for a new formula this country is leading, anti-British feeling has been on the increase in West Germany ever since Prime Minister Macmillan's visit to Bonn after his exploratory trip to Moscow. But these are merely marginal phenomena when compared with the real issue which is the renewed effort by the West to break the stalemate concerning Germany. Geneva will either point towards some sort of a new formula about Germany or we will relapse into the old rut again.

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A Short History of Germany: 1815-1945. E. J. Passant.

The Use of Imagination: Education, Thought and the Literary Mind. William Walsh.

The Story of Axel Munthe, Capri and San Michele, by various authors, published by Aktibolaget, Malmö, Sweden, is the first English edition of the memorial book published in Swedish in 1957. It is a really magnificent volume, beautifully produced with hundreds of illustrations in colour and in monochrome taken from sketches, photographs, and line drawings. First comes 'The loveliest pearl in Naples' crown,' Axel Munthe's own tribute to Capri. Next comes 'Capri in prehistoric times and in classical antiquity,' by Amedeo Maiuri, followed by 'Voices from Capri,' by Edwin Cerid, 'Capri of to-day,' with legends by Alma Stracusa and photographs by Erik Liljeroth, and Jan Mark, 'Axel Munthe's life and work,' by Josef Oliv, 'Axel Munthe as an author,' by Bror Olsson, 'My Father,' by Malcolm Munthe, 'Axel Munthe's San Michele,' by Arvid Andrén, 'Classical Art at San Michele,' photographs by J. Vetti and Erik Liljeroth with legends by Arvid Andrén, 'Latin Inscriptions at San Michele,' by Hilding Thylander, and 'A Stroll through San Michele,' photographs by Erik Liljeroth.

Such is the pattern of the book, ranging from Imperial palaces and the Villa Jovis of ancient Roman times to present-day tourists in the Blue Grotto or scantily clothed bathers in the sea or music and dancing in the restaurants. Two fair questions about this book would be, 'How far is Capri overshadowed by Axel Munthe—or the other way about?' 'How far does Munthe stand out from such a dominant background?' For a memorial volume like this there is perhaps too much of Capri—but then the fabulous San Michele and its treasures are part of Capri, even apart from its creator. Of Munthe himself there is much to be found: boyhood in Sweden, medical studies and degrees in Paris and a very prosperous practice

there, then the change to Rome and an even more prosperous practice there; Munthe the art collector, the traveller, the cosmopolitan twice married and pleased to have a family but displaying little desire to live with them or undertake any family responsibilities; the famous doctor courted by kings and queens and Society leaders and by humble fishermen and peasants; the author who wrote a world best seller in a language not his native one, the frequent visitor to this country who very nearly became a naturalized Englishman and who was proud that his sons as Englishmen fought in our army in the recent war. There was Munthe the bird lover, the wielder of almost magnetic power, to many at times the rather deliberate poseur, to many others the genuine, true friend.

It was said of the enormous success of *The Story of San Michele* that it was due to there being something for everyone in the book. Of the present book it may be said that there is much for many, though it cannot be expected to give much new information about Munthe—but the whole magnificent volume is a suitable and dignified tribute to a very remarkable man.

The Prince Consort: A Political Biography, by Frank Eyck (Chatto & Windus), is a valuable work for historians of the period. The author has been given full access to the Royal Archives at Windsor and elsewhere, and Windsor certainly provides an amazing number of memoranda and notes on interviews with Ministers, etc., by the Prince Consort. From 1841 to 1861 Prince Albert played a prominent and often decisive part in all the political decisions of the Crown. As he himself had no constitutional standing, not even after the title of 'Prince Consort' had been bestowed on him by his wife in 1857, he could only act in the name of the Queen, who naturally retained the limelight. The extent of his continuous and usually beneficial influence behind the scenes is fully proved in this book. It was not only in home politics, including the long struggle with the jaunty and quite unrepentant Palmerston, who greatly tried the Queen and the Prince. There was also the question of the unity of Germany, which was very near the Prince's heart. He was generous in his continued advice and exhortation to the Prussian Royal Family and his own relations in Germany, though this advice seldom had any effect. The question

of German unification posed the most intricate problems of nationality, diplomacy, and ideology. The survival of the Habsburg Monarchy into the age of nationalism bedevilled the whole issue at the outset. The question was still open when the Prince Consort died. Considering his background, with an attractive and divorced mother and a thoroughly unattractive and dissolute father and elder brother, it is remarkable how the Prince acquired the qualities which he showed throughout his life. His father's name of Ernest would much better have suited him, as his whole purpose was earnest devotion to duty. In this book there is nothing about his family life, nor, indeed, about relaxation, recreation or amusements, but they entered but very little into the Prince's life. The book only claims to be political, and in that it succeeds very well.

The Lords of Cobham Hall, by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford (Cassell), tells the story of a magnificent home and the various families that have owned it, beginning with the Cobhams and passing from them to the Brookes, and when the male line of that family died out to the Lennox Stuarts, the younger branch of the Royal Stuarts of Scotland. When, in course of time, the males again died out, their heiress, Theodosia Hyde, married John Bligh, a rich Irish grazier. He got ennobled and was made, in the Irish Peerage, Lord Darnley, reviving the ancient Scottish title, but he was domiciled in Kent. The author points out that no Bligh Lord Darnley has ever reached the eminence of inclusion in the Dictionary of National Biography, which, in itself, is rather remarkable, but the various members of the family are excellent subjects for portrait sketches—above all the fourth Lord Darnley, who acquired the manners and culture of an exquisitely civilized gentleman, distinguished alike as a scholar, a connoisseur, a patron of art and letters, a sportsman and a *grand seigneur* of enlightened views and lovable personality, in whom not even a Matthew Arnold could have diagnosed the faintest incipient symptom of barbarism. So complacently self-satisfied in his own aristocracy was he that, in spite of his obvious abilities, he never undertook any public office or responsibility, but spent his life and, incidentally, almost ruining his immense fortune, in beautifying Cobham and filling it with artistic treasures, hardly surpassed anywhere. In spite of his artistic pride he could be human at times. The sixth Lord Darnley

of Victorian times was so correct, proper, unemotional, and such a model of many virtues that he froze everyone who had to do with him. Cobham, run with every good intention and with the rigidity of a military establishment, can have known little happiness. So correct was he that he sold many of the famous pictures because he thought the subjects were not sufficiently clothed! With the present century the decline has set in and the glorious days of Cobham are past, as shown by an ominous note on p. 178: 'Written before the recent gutting by sale of the surviving contents.' What the future of the lovely Cobham is to be no one knows. Dr Wingfield-Stratford writes with his accustomed scholarship and light touch, and the result is a family and place history which will bring pleasure to many readers whether they are specially interested in the Darnley family or not.

The Great Civil War, by Lt.-Col. Alfred H. Burne, D.S.O., and Lt.-Col. Peter Young, D.S.O., M.C. (Eyre & Spottiswoode), usefully fills a gap in the literature of a subject about which many books have been written from Clarendon in the seventeenth century to S. R. Gardiner in the nineteenth century, and now to the outstanding work of Dr C. V. Wedgwood. All the previous works have dealt chiefly with political, economic, and social aspects of the Civil War. The present book is purely military and deals with the years 1642-46. The authors take the different fields of action throughout the country and describe the battles and what led up to them or resulted from them. They try to form a pattern (as far as any exists) of the shape of the whole campaign, especially dealing with what they say are the four important 'strands': the leaders, the led, morale, and resources, and they develop all these strands clearly. They point out how the war was largely an unprofessional affair, at any rate to start with, because so few leaders in it had had any previous experience of war or of command of large bodies of troops. The King, at any rate, was in supreme command of his side and was, therefore, in a better position than the much divided amateur Parliamentarians until Fairfax and Cromwell rose; but as Parliament had control of London, most of the big ports, and the richest part of the country, and the Navy, they had an advantage which was greater than any unified leadership could give, and the economics of supply and service told in the end. The book will

have special appeal to military readers, but the general reader interested in the war will find much to think over in it.

That there are in the Church of England to-day many communities of monks and nuns is a fact unknown to a number of Anglicans. They have, indeed, more members to-day than existed on the eve of the dissolution of the monasteries in the sixteenth century. That being so, a study of their origin is long overdue, and Mr A. M. Allchin's book, *The Silent Rebellion: Anglican Religious Communities, 1845-1900* (S.C.M. Press), will be gratefully received. It is not only a sound history but it is also extremely readable, a combination all too rare among historians. The author deals with the background, which necessarily includes the Oxford Movement, with the relationships of the Communities to the Church as a whole, and with the growth of the various societies. It is interesting that Mr Allchin should find himself dealing so largely with the part women played in this revival. He has to ask, indeed, whether it was an important move in the early stages of women's emancipation. It was a woman, Miss Marion Hughes, who first took the triple vows, on Trinity Sunday, 1841, but it was not until 1891 that the taking of vows was given even qualified approval. During those fifty years, many difficulties had had to be faced, not only the difficulties of an often hostile public and ecclesiastical opinion but also those, perhaps inevitable, within the new organizations themselves, due to the unfamiliarity of such a life to the inmates, the superiors, and the directors. Such matters as discipline, observances, property, had all to be worked out, and the very *ethos* of monastic life to be recaptured after centuries of neglect. Father Benson wrote, 'We must remember that our life as Religious is not something over and above the ordinary Christian life . . .' (p. 200). It is, however, a particular kind of dedication, a special vocation to a life of private and corporate prayer. The reader may feel that it is in the revival of this vocation that the greatest hope for the Church of England lies to-day, and Mr Allchin is to be congratulated for writing a book that will both stimulate interest and sympathy, and also be enjoyed.

The text, if so it can be called, of *Poetry and Morality: Studies of the Criticism of Matthew Arnold, T. S. Eliot and F. R. Leavis* (Chatto & Windus) is posed in his preliminary explanation by

Professor Vincent Buckley as, 'In what sense is the greatness of poetry a moral greatness? In what sense is the poet's concern with and for his material a concern for something possessing moral vitality and importance?' Professor Buckley has not gone to the poets themselves nor to their poetry for his answers, but he has looked for them in the stated critical attitudes of the three critics of the subtitle. Were not the author such a brilliant and perceptive analyst, an assessor who clearly sees the whole of the picture and can render it in terms understandable to the layman, one would answer simply yes or no and get on with the poetry. But this is one of the rare books of criticism that is not mainly the word-building and hot-house theorizing of the schoolmen. It has a vigour and a range of outlook that are remarkably fresh, and though it cannot be said that Professor Buckley finds an answer to his question at least the discussion has been remarkably stimulating and very much worth while.

The 1959 edition of the *Europa Year Book* (Europa Publications Ltd.) is most welcome. It is a unique guide to the many European organizations which have developed since the last war, and it is a mine of useful information about every European country, giving details of government, political parties, economics, legal systems, religion, and education. All this and much more is included in 1,160 large double-column pages. One might well say that nowhere else is so much detail given within the same volume, ranging, say, from Oxford and Cambridge to the Pedagogical Institute of Kazan, from *The Times* to *Promyshlenno-Ekonomicheskaya Gazeta* of Moscow, from the proportion of Roman Catholics in the population of Gibraltar to Moslems in France, from butter in Denmark to bauxite in Italy, from bishoprics in Austria to tourists in Monaco. We can find out what SACEUR or RPR or V.M.H. stand for, or some hundreds of other abbreviations. In short this Year Book is an exceedingly comprehensive and useful work.

A Short History of Germany: 1815-1945, by E. J. Passant, with contributions by W. O. Henderson, C. J. Child, and D. C. Watt (Cambridge University Press), is a very useful and concentrated account of important European developments. Before Napoleon's conquests in Germany, the country was a mosaic of more than

1,800 separate political entities. Napoleon reduced these to 39, and they remained after the Congress of Vienna and throughout the last century. Bismarck never succeeded in unifying the whole country: Hitler did but, at the same time, was the cause of the present major division which is worse than anything before. The book gives us a good survey of Germany in 1815 and the Austrian leadership up to 1858, but after 1864 Austria was ousted from the leadership by Prussia under Bismarck. Then we are given an account of the German Empire in prosperity and defeat, including Bismarck's age of blood and iron and Kaiser William's age of bluster and swelled head ending in the disaster of 1918. Then we have an account of the Weimar Republic, its rise and fall, and then of Hitler and the recent war. This is a useful work of reference, and it also has the advantage of being easily readable.

The Use of Imagination: Education, Thought and the Literary Mind, by William Walsh (Chatto & Windus), is an original conception and one that wholly succeeds in its aim to treat of 'literature in education not as part of the curriculum, as a subject to be taught, but as a source of life and ideas.' His book consists of a series of educational themes in which he examines the work of authors or groups of authors which have particular relevance to it. Since, in spite of its incidental general appeal as good literary discussion, its main purpose is to interest educationalists, it may be as well to give the contents to show how Professor Walsh itemizes his theme: Coleridge and the Age of Childhood: Wordsworth and the Growth of the Mind: Coleridge and the Education of Teachers: The Literary Critic and the Education of an Elite: Coleridge, Arnold, and F. R. Leavis: Keats and the Education of Sensibility: G. M. Hopkins and a Sense of the Particular: The Writer and the Child—Mark Twain, Henry James, D. H. Lawrence, Walter de la Mare: The Notions of Character and Education and Literature, and W. B. Yeats: The Writer as Teacher—The Educational Ideas of D. H. Lawrence: Theory of Language and Practice in Education, and T. S. Eliot. Such a list is surely its own recommendation to which can be added that Professor Walsh, while providing a most stimulating book for all concerned with education, has also contributed something to literary criticism entirely free of literary cant.

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